A MONEYLESS MAGNATE

FREDERICK F. SHANNON

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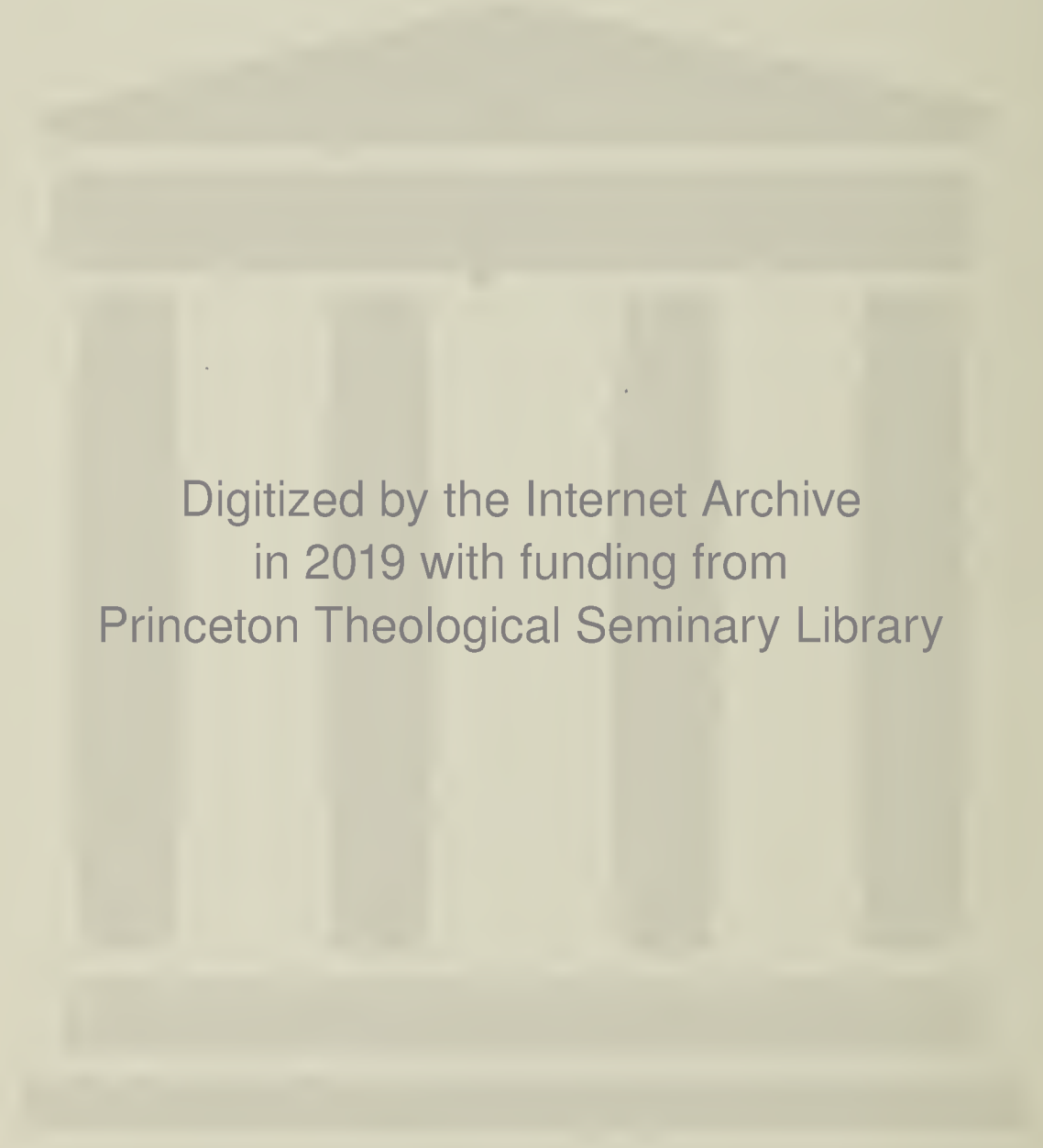
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A MONEYLESS MAGNATE

and Other Essays

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BY

FREDERICK F. SHANNON

MINISTER OF CENTRAL CHURCH, CHICAGO

Author of "Sermons for Days We Observe," "The Soul's Atlas," "The New Personality," "The Country Faith," etc.

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A MONEYLESS MAGNATE. I

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TO

MR. and MRS. EDWARD B. BUTLER

LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL,
DISCIPLES OF THE TRUE,
FRIENDS OF HUMANITY,
SUPPORTERS OF CENTRAL CHURCH.

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A MONEYLESS MAGNATE

I

A Moneyless Magnate

MY boyhood memories are redolent of an evening with H. T. Stanton, the Kentucky poet. Unlike many of his poetic brethren, he had the art of reading his own productions in a voice and manner full of charm. Among the selections he read that evening was "The Moneyless Man," probably the best known of all his poems. I thought, as I sat under the rise and fall of his melodious voice, that he made a strong case for the man with an empty purse; and, within certain limitations, I still think so. He took our empty-handed friend into banquet halls of light, hung with velvet and trimmings of gold, and flashing with mirrors of silver; he led him up the aisle of a fashionable church, wherein his rags and patches seemed ill at home amid such pomp and pride; he gave him a look in the banks, bulging with "piles of the glittering ore;" he presented him to the Judge, robed "in his dark, flowing gown," who smiled on the strong and frowned on the weak. Always, no matter where he introduced his dollar-poor

pilgrim, there was no smile, no pew, no credit, no justice—nothing whatever for "the moneyless man." At last, however, when life's fitful dream was over, and blithely, almost gayly, oblivious of ethical considerations—

> "There's welcome above for—
> a moneyless man"

Now no sane person, surely, manifests any disposition to depreciate the value of money. For money is not only absolutely necessary, but in some true and noble sense a part of the "good things" offered at the feast of life. However, one's quarrel is emphatically with the philosophy of life which dominates the poem, because, if for no other reason, it is one of those subtle, taking half-truths which verge on the abyss of falsehood. Schiller's familiar saying that the artist is known by what he omits, belongs to the same questionable mental progeny. As a matter of fact, no genuine artist is known by what he leaves out, but by what he puts in. To omit is, at best, nothing more than negation; to put in is creation. For example: Is Raphael known for what he left out of his "Sistine Madonna"? To ask the question ought to evoke a sensible answer; certainly a glimpse at those two cherubs lifts it beyond the realm of dispute. No: the merest dauber can leave out; only an artist can put in the ideas worthy of genius.

Yet, whether in the matter of money or painting or morals, the soul of man, as Montaigne long ago affirmed, "discharges her passions upon false objects, where the true are wanting." Now the only way to dislodge the false is to install the true; but the falseness of things, like the poor, is ever with us, and it has such an insatiable appetite that it sometimes threatens to devour the true altogether, leaving not a wrack of the permanent values in the wake of its greedy and materialistic triumph. This paper, therefore, is the crass confession of "A Moneyless Magnate." If either the moneyed or moneyless man denies its major postulate, calling it a paradox and such like, he is thoroughly within his verbal rights. Only, I would gently remind my pragmatic and easily overheated friends, that one of the definitions of a paradox reads as follows: "That which in appearance or terms is absurd, but yet may be true in fact."

I

To begin with, and speaking as becomes a modest man, I own huge blocks of real estate. All of that downtown section in New York, between the Brooklyn Bridge and Battery Park, is in a special sense my own property. The view of it from my study window is simply enchanting. There is probably no such skyline on earth, no such pile of concrete, stone and steel on the planet. Looking out from the south

side of the East River, I find my sky-scrapers invariably punctual (except on a foggy day), cordial, majestic, awe-inspiring. Had Pericles seen them, he would have said that they were built by the gods, not by men. They do not savor at all of architectural monotony. Each is a law unto itself; many colors urge their claims; many shapes assert their popularity. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature in the matter of similarity, if similarity there be, is this: Each one seems struggling to be a little higher than all the others. For example, when the Municipal Building attained a height of 560 feet and 1 inch, the Singer Building crawled up to a distance of 612 feet and 1 inch. You see, my tall buildings are so jealous of their height, that they even claim all the inches due them! Of course these cloudy aspirations stirred the Woolworth Building into a towering, climbing rage, whose wrath never cooled until it reached the dizzy height of 750 feet! I am not revealing these family secrets in a fault-finding spirit; for I don't mind the ambitions of my lofty steel and stone neighbors. They might perhaps achieve more of architectural harmony if their heads were all about the same height. Still I take satisfaction in their variety, even in their rough raggedness and stony jaggedness. Nor is their attraction one whit less by night. For then my skyscrapers are transformed into illuminated cliffs, brilliantly twinkling canyons casting their lumi-

nous loveliness across the shadow-hung river. Then also, though a modern, I am suddenly changed into a cliff-dweller, living with my ancestors of the dim and antique past.

Now, on analyzing the terms of my ownership in these colossal buildings, I affirm them to be most satisfactory. Indeed, after much reflection, I am convinced that my terms are very much better than the terms imposed upon their legal owners. For instance: I was not put to the trouble and expense of building them. Most obligingly have others planned and invested and toiled for me. Furthermore, having built them, my generous friends promptly pay the taxes on them, keep them in repair, and graciously assume all the responsibilities connected with their maintenance. So, I am satisfied with my terms of ownership; and thus far I have heard no protest from those who hold title deeds to the buildings. But there is one other item in which I claim to have a distinct advantage. The owners, certainly most of them, lack my opportunity of appraising the beauty of their real estate. Their realty may yield them much gold, but if it fails to yield them the dividends of beauty as well, of what permanent value is all their yield in gold? And 196 Columbia Heights, fourth floor, back room, offers the best outlook on earth. If you don't believe it, come in and see for yourself!

II

Another fraction of my material capital is in the great steamship lines. Shipbuilding has a long and interesting history. While traveling through Colorado, it was my good fortune to fall in with a captivating young man. Learning that I once lived in Pennsylvania, he said that he was reminded of this story: A man who went through the Johnstown flood, talked about that terrible disaster as long as he lived. After dying and entering the New Jerusalem, he continued to recite some of the thrilling episodes in the tragedy of Johnstown. However, he discovered that among his listeners there was always a venerable, long-bearded gentleman who, after patiently hearing the recital, religiously shook his hoary head and remarked: "No flood at all." Naturally, the former citizen of Johnstown was considerably piqued by this chilling and ever-ready comment of the ancient one. So one day he ventured to ask: "Will somebody be good enough to tell me the name of the man who, every time I recite my story of Johnstown, shakes his head and says: 'No flood at all'?" "Why," answered a voice from the crowd, "that's old Father Noah." And Noah was the pioneer shipbuilder, a first-hand authority on floods. We must go back beyond the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, even the Phœnicians themselves, and pay tribute to the

man who built the ark. It is a long journey from the twentieth century queen of the seas back to the dug-out, the raft, and the log, from the Delaware and the Clyde to water-courses whose shore-lines have either changed or quite vanished from the earth. In this, as in other realms of life and progress, evolution is slow but steady and forward-looking. Therefore, as I look out and behold my gigantic and graceful vessels coming and going, why should I not rejoice in my spiritual investments in these stately, floating palaces of the deep? They visit every land and people; they return laden with commerce, food, gold, and gems from the ends of the earth. Why, the sailing of any one of them is enough to shake one to the roots of his being, setting the looms of imagination to weaving thought-tapestries from invisible threads that bind the peoples into one! And mark you: It costs me nothing to enjoy this drifting, movable feast of beauty. Somebody, of course, has gone to vast expense to make it possible. Generations of high and brave and courageous souls lie behind it all. What a mean, stingy nature one must have not to rise up and say: "Thank you, brothers, whoever you are and wherever you be, for lending me your brains, your hands, your years. Having given me much, let me not make it necessary for you to forgive the sin of ingratitude and unappreciation."

Assessing steamship lines at their supreme values,

I naturally claim a large share in the Bay—a vast dimple of silver set in a vaster cheek of beauty. Henry Ward Beecher used to say, watching the white flocks of gulls breasting the blue: "There go my gulls." I have decided to yield him his claim on the gulls and to keep the Bay for myself. Yes; yonder go the immortal preacher's snowy gulls, and yonder, too, goes my Bay—always flowing, always going, but never gone! Above the Bay, and higher, much higher, than the gulls, human birdmen ride in their throbbing machines. Sometimes they perform gyroscopic feats, drop from great heights and make straight for the Brooklyn Bridge, threatening me with heart failure in their apparent aim to smash into one of its arches. But I have learned that there is no use worrying—crossing the bridge before we reach it—for with graceful, swanlike motion the birdman flyingly dives under the bridge. Thus is my apoplectic attack postponed until the daredevil comes back again!

But with all the many-toned life and kaleidoscopic scenes along river, bay, and harbor, I mourn the absence of one of my noblest ships. Above all other vessels that have sailed the seven oceans, her bloodstains are the deepest, the reddest, the most unpardonable. Her innocent blood will crimson the seas until Time drinks them dry. As Joyce Kilmer, that white and brave and lamented soldier-poet, sang, she

did not go forth to battle; she carried friendly men; children played about her decks and women sang. In this unsuspecting mood, the Lusitania was waylaid by inhuman monsters, and sent to her ensanguined grave in the deep. Never again shall I see her come, as of old, stately, magnificent, triumphant, into this hospitable port. But above the unforgetting years, above roaring billows and howling tempests, I shall hear the accusing voice of this murdered queen of the seas:

"My wrong cries out for vengeance;
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
But one—shall be like blood."

III

You may begin to think that my riches are so fabulous as to be embarrassing. But let me reassure

you on that score; for the more I try to measure my wealth the more I revel in it. Consequently, I am not satisfied with the sea only, and the many kinds of vessels that traverse its fluent paths. I claim to be, in my way, a heavy investor in the railroads of the United States. To say nothing of the tremendous capital invested, it costs billions every year to operate American railways. They represent 230,000 miles of steel strung over cities, towns, plains, hills, and valleys. Think of it—enough steel to engirdle the earth more than thirteen times! I have a friend living in New York who invited his father to come on from Ohio to visit him. He told his father, who was as transparent as noonday and as candid as sunlight, that he must make the journey from Ohio on one of the best trains. The old gentleman accordingly boarded the fast express and was directed to handsome quarters by the porter. Soon the conductor came in, punched his ticket, and informed him that, in case he wished to occupy his present seat, he would have to pay something extra. "How much extra?" retorted the passenger. "Eighteen dollars," replied the conductor. Now I have already said that the old man was frankness personified, the dispenser of a Lincolnlike simplicity that smites one blind by its splendor. Thus, recovering from his surprise, the venerable passenger exclaimed: "Eighteen dollars for a little cubby hole like this to spend the night in!

Why, man, I get only ten dollars a month for an eight-room house back in the town where I live. No, sir, I'll have none of your fancy cubby holes at eighteen dollars per night."

Yet there are many who are glad enough to pay the extra fare on these luxurious hotels on wheels, palaces that roll and whizz through space at a bewildering speed. But before many years, passenger trains will be comparatively out of date. We shall think no more of traveling through the air than we now do of traveling by automobile. Utopian? Why, the ox-cart and canoe were once utopian, while the steamship, the locomotive, the submarine, and wireless waves were perplexingly so. Man has only begun to extract the multiplied secrets hidden away in the cosmic storehouse. If nations will come together in a federation of brotherhood and mutual coöperation, thus averting the disaster of race extermination by war, there is hardly a limit to man's possible mastery of the physical forces. Meantime, I am a sharer in these marvelous railroad systems—one of the most stupendous engineering and commercial achievements in the history of mankind. For a few dollars, an investment of billions is offered for my use, day and night, year in and year out. And what shall I say of our street railways and subways? I once rode in a subway train with the president of the system. If I am not mistaken, he bought a ticket,

just as I did, walked in and sat down. He may have occupied a little more space than I required; but as far as I was able to judge, I traveled as fast as he did, felt much happier than he looked, and paid only five cents into the bargain! Why, I felt like a culprit. There I was, utterly free from public criticism, unterrified by lockouts and strikes, gliding along forty miles an hour, and all for five copper cents, while the man who bore the burden of it all had to pay his own fare and also sit alongside of me! Having nothing, yet am I beginning to think, with Paul, that I possess all things.

IV

Nor must I overlook my possessions in our beautiful parks. I love them all, but I love Prospect Park supremely. I have set out and grown enough sermonic plants in the Vale of Cashmere, the Great Meadow, and the Old Fashioned Flower Garden to put several and sundry congregations permanently to sleep! Planners and builders of our cities knew that the great majority of us could not have either large or strikingly attractive gardens and yards. There is simply not enough space on this particular part of the earth's surface. There is plenty of room up in the atmosphere, if you can manage to live at great altitudes; there is plenty of room, also, on the heaving breast of the Atlantic, if you are fond of leading

an aquatic life; but here on the ground there is so much blasting, digging, running, tooting, driving, yelling, crunching, grinding, jostling, and crowding, that yards are almost lost in the chaotic mix-up. Therefore, we have these splendid breathing spaces, perfumed gardens and timbered tracts, undulating swards and lilied ponds, animal haunts and flower houses, in our parks. Now I do not own a great yard; but I possess what is far grander than any yard owned by any millionaire on these two islands; I own one of the most beautiful parks on earth. The Borough of Brooklyn, in the city of New York, says to me: "Mr. Shannon, all these roads, walks, lakes, trees, birds, and flowers are yours. You will oblige us very much by coming in and enjoying them."

"But," some croaker protests, "there is a string to that invitation." "What is it?" I ask. "They don't permit you to take anything away," he replies. Don't they, indeed? Not being a vandal, I have no inclination to haul away the trees, or lead away the lions and tigers, or steal the lily pond, or kidnap the lakes. Yet I defy the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, the Borough President, and the entire Police Department to prevent me from carrying out of Prospect Park the very best things in it! Would you like to know what some of those things are? First of all, studies in human nature. Old and young, rich and poor, good and bad, happy and sad—all are met

together in this fragrant out-of-doors. Second: Memories of birds singing at evensong—birds that have long since returned to the Summerlands of the Unreturning! Years ago I listened to a robin singing his vesper song to the silvery patter of the falling rain. Recalling it now, it seems as vivid and fresh as if it were only yesterday. Sitting there on the edge of the night in his tree-loft of green, that little minstrel of God sang into my soul the sense of calm breathing out of the Supreme Dawn, brought me little winds of peace blowing gently down from the tranquil Hills of Morning. And then I bring away something else, too. I gather up heartfuls, armfuls of loveliness and carry them home with me. No park policeman has ever yet objected to that! But this is an essential part of that sublime and moneyless barter in which we may all profitably engage, improving the timely admonition of Sara Teasdale:

"Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up,
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine-trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
  Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be."

V

Moreover, I count myself especially rich in my luring libraries—public repositories of the learning and wisdom of countless ages. If matter is dead mind, books are the souls of the dead dressed up in living garments of glory. Books are the embodied voices of the past crying aloud in the teeming present, instruments through which minds, ejected from brain-houses fallen to dust, still inspiringly function. Books are helpful servants, but autocratic masters, and no freeman has the right to be ruled by an autocrat. Doctor Hillis told me some years ago that he had stopped reading books. I replied: "I am not surprised at that. Does not a man stop eating, after he has eaten everything up?" However, I think that my dear and noble friend is still able to read a book now and then! While I have not stopped reading, I do not buy as many books as I once did. One reason is this: Either I or my books must move out! There is no longer room for all of us. Rather than dispossess old friends, it seems easier to invite new ones in for a short visit. And this is quite practicable through

my ownership in several libraries. Think of that great building on Fifth Avenue, with its more than thirteen hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets—a library and art gallery under one roof. Do you not think old Plato would like to have broken into those green literary pastures and ravenously eaten his way out? Not for Platos only, but food is there in satisfying abundance for ordinary people in pursuit of extraordinary aims and ideals, angels that guide us out of the humdrum into the divinely enchanting. Formerly there was scarcely a limit to the number of volumes that a student could take out; at present, however, patrons are limited to a definite number. Even dearer and nearer are the libraries here at home. I have been in the Montague Branch so often that I fear my shadow will disfigure the walls. Besides the books, there are the weekly, monthly, and quarterly reviews from America and foreign countries. What an absorbing exercise to sit down and enjoy (or perhaps quarrel with) the Spectator, the Athenæum, the Edinburgh Review, the Hibbert Journal, and numerous other publications. Finally, if you are afflicted by a kind of disease—the bibliomaniac will readily understand!—for rare manuscripts and odd volumes, the libraries will also help to assuage, if not entirely cure, your malady. At any rate, cured or uncured, you will want to repeat "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer," by Eugene Field. Once,

when Doctor Gunsaulus was undergoing an acute attack of "bibliomania," the special symptoms of which assumed a contagious craving for certain copper-plates, (one never can tell what extravagant and glowing forms the treacherous disease will take!) Field wrote this prayer and dedicated it to his beloved friend and sorely afflicted victim. The original manuscript of the prayer is now the property of the University of Chicago Library, having been presented to it by Doctor Gunsaulus, the text of which follows:

"Keep me, I pray, in wisdom's way
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care today—
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating arts,
Of first editions, and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly crave that I may be
Most notably beset today.
Let my temptation be a book
Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
Whereon when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.

Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds—
Large paper, tall, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes."

VI

Henley speaks of Romney's work as "something which is only almost done." Still, I must not finish this bare outline of my material capital without mentioning the "little towns" I own. Country born and bred, I love the cities. There is soul-shaking power in their terrific energy, their splendor and squalor, their righteousness and wickedness, their wealth and poverty, their pathos and tragedy. But between the cities—the inspirers of the cities, the saviors of the cities—are the little towns, villages, and hamlets that dot the land from ocean to ocean. Sometimes they sit back from the great highways, as a vine-covered cottage sits back from the roadside; sometimes they lie hidden among the mountains, like precious gems waiting to share their beauty with every practiced eye; sometimes they nestle along the plains, sweet as the golden wheatfields billowing away to the horizon; sometimes they kneel upon the banks of a mountain river, most of the citizens never having a glimpse of their rustic river's wide and hospitable sea; sometimes they bow in quiet, nun-like valleys, faithfully guarded by high hills, over whose peace-crowned

heights discordant voices never sound. But oh! my little towns—wherever you be, north, south, east, or west—the very thought of you brings me the bread of beauty, the wine of hope, the apples of Eden. Long ago Emerson suggested that it is embarrassing to wake up some morning and discover that somebody else has expressed your own thought, even though it is expressed better than you yourself could express it. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to pardon Hilda Morris for visiting me with such an embarrassment in the form of her poem called "The Little Towns":

"Oh, little town in Arkansas and little town in Maine,
And little sheltered valley town and hamlet on the plain,
Salem, Jackson, Waukesha, and Brookville, and Peru,
San Mateo, and Irontown, and Lake, and Waterloo,
Little town we smiled upon and loved for simple ways,
Quiet streets and garden beds and friendly sunlit days,
Out of you the soldiers came,
Little town of homely name.
Young and strong and brave with laughter,
They saw truth and followed after.

Little town, the birth of them
Makes you kin to Bethlehem!

Little town where Jimmy Brown ran the grocery store,

Little town where Manuel fished along the shore,
Where Russian Steve was carpenter, and Sandy Pat McQuade
Worked all day in overalls at his mechanic's trade.
Where Allen Perkins practiced law, and John, Judge Harper's son,
Planned a little house for two that never shall be done—
Little town, you gave them all,
Rich and poor and great and small,
Bred them clean and straight and strong,
Sent them forth to right the wrong.

Little town, their glorious death
Makes you kin to Nazareth!"

II

Beethoven in the Back Yard

WHILE passing a certain house, my eyes rested upon a statue of Beethoven in the rear of it. At first I was keenly aware of the disharmony of the thing. Here was one of the immortal names in music; and here, also, at the back of the house, and in a yard distinguished for nothing save the composer's head done in stone, was the silent, stony, majestic face of one whose very name is synonymous for moving melodies.

As already intimated, my first impression was a kind of mental discord, a feeling that the sense of fitness had been violated. But I hold that opinion no longer. Many times since have I gone by that house; each passing has tended to do away with the feeling of inappropriateness. Now, remembering the delight of seeing Beethoven in his back yard, I go out of my way for the pleasurable sensation of resting my eyes upon that materialized symphony in stone. There he sits, calmly looking out on his surroundings. He seems quietly determined to turn them all —the ugly and the beautiful, the chords and the discords—into rolling rhythms of harmony.

It may be that my inward change was wrought by the words of a quiet man to whom I unbosomed my original repulsion. "Discord!" he exclaimed, with scarcely any sign of exclamation in his convincing tones. "There's no discord at all. Beethoven needs the back yard; the back yard needs Beethoven; and we need both." Unable to forget the man's words, I have decided to set down some random reflections upon Master Beethoven in the back yard.

I

"Beethoven needs the back yard." Well, at any rate the master was acquainted with the back yard of things long before anybody dreamed of chiseling him in stone. His father was a drunkard; his mother was the daughter of a cook—which is recalled, in this connection, just to remind ourselves what glorious things proceed from the kitchen; he was deaf before middle life; he endured the stupidity of a churlish brother. What a delicious story is that of his brother calling upon the composer and leaving his card worded thus:

JOHANN VAN BEETHOVEN,
LAND PROPRIETOR.

On returning home the musician found the card, wrote the following words on the opposite side, and sent it back to his pompously stupid kinsman:

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,
BRAIN PROPRIETOR.

One might indefinitely extend the list of ugly back yards through which the mighty genius was doomed to pass in his pilgrimage across the years. There were jealous teachers; there were designing women; there was that scapegrace of a nephew; there were kinglets and princelets and—well, so many glorious and inglorious obstacles in his way that it is simply enchanting to stand at a meaningful historic distance and see him overleap them.

On the whole, therefore, I think, with my deep-seeing friend, that Beethoven needed the back yard. How much did life's back yard have to do in lending the deathless note to his compositions? Having asked that question, we are thrust headlong into the mystery of human life. Not, if you please, human life in its celebrated expressions—not the Beethovens, nor the Shakespeares, nor the Lincolns only; but worthful, red-souled, clean-motived, high-minded human life in its common, everyday, universal might and majesty.

Once I went to minister to a sick woman. There were miles and miles of gray stone to travel, reminding one of Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." The house was not much, but it was artistically tidy, immaculate in its cleanliness. Occupied by two

maiden sisters, they had fought with poverty, hardship, and menacing environment the long years through. And now one of them was desperately ill. But the well one—the one who was still struggling to keep the vanishing remainders of their home-life together—was not content to have a doctor and her own watchful love at her sister's beck and call, day and night. A trained nurse must also draw upon her scanty savings. Reminded that perhaps this was an unnecessary expense and that there were "rainy days" ahead for her, she said: "What are a few dollars to me, after my sister is gone?" With the going of her sister, a part of herself was being passed on also—a something which neither few dollars nor many could alter in the least.

Within that toiling woman's face there was a power of immortal reserve—a splendor, a radiance, a Godlikeness—that one could well go far to see, and be handsomely overpaid at the end of his journey. What, for example, is "the light of setting suns" to the light of love that beamed in her patient eye? What is the fragrance of heliotropes to the aroma of self-forgetfulness distilled from her heart? What is the grandeur of mountain summits to the moral height of her unfaltering will? Unacquainted with the luxury of self-dispraise, as Wordsworth might say, she was so unconsciously and yet so nobly planned, that any soul having an appetite for what

is finely beautiful could not possibly have missed it here in this bloomingly spiritual back yard.

"But there was nothing unusual in her unselfishness," the cynic may interpose. "Such cases are very common." And is not the cynic half right? At the same time does not all half-rightness disclose the inexhaustible wonder of the wholly and holy right? It is even so here. For the unusualness of unselfishness could only be truly seen by its absence. Just let the world jog along a single day without these commonplace and usual tokens of goodwill and at nightfall our planet would be conspicuous by reason of the enlarged areas of hell upon it. Therefore, the deadly and deadening power of the familiar is to be shunned like a plague. The fact is, we have learned to call that something genius in people who can paint a halo around the brow of the ordinary. Is not this in itself sufficient proof that, beyond all cavil, there is really no ordinary; everything is extraordinary, as every perceptive and receptive nature thrillingly knows. It is just our ordinary, hum-drum, no-vision of things that makes it possible for us to snub the back yard with its commanding Beethoven.

The reaches of our Lord and Master into this prolific realm are, of course, unparalleled. Christ's awareness of the living universe is immense. Anywhere and anytime He throws a window open toward the Infinite. It is all the more impressive by the very

economy of the words He employs in reporting His world-consciousness. Adjectives are not popular in the Master's vocabulary. He is so perfectly alive that He seems fearful lest He should waste a breath of His being through a meaningless word. Reality pressed so strongly upon the centers of His soul that nouns, uncolored and unqualified, are the verbal sluiceways through which He pours the tides of eternal life. Yet, according to accepted standards, did not Jesus spend His earthly career in the back yards of the world? This fact, commonplace as a matter of history, becomes positively acute with wonder and awe for every thoughtful person who tries to grasp it. Born in a manger, toiling with His hands, teaching by lakeside and in market-place, surrounded by a company of unlettered peasants, frowned upon by the important and misunderstood by the ignorant, forsaken at last by His own and crucified by His enemies, the story, in view of its deepening, transforming hold on the human heart, is almost incredible as it is entirely unimaginable. John Stuart Mill is right—only the fact of Jesus can account for the story of Jesus. The human mind, said Mill, was incapable of inventing it. One might as well talk of inventing stars or oceans or mountains as of inventing the character, words, and deeds of the God-Man!

And not the least invigorating and uplifting

thing about it all is this: He needed the back yard; which is just another way of saying that God Himself, for any truly humanizing revelation of His Godhead, could not avoid the back yard. Personally, I have scant sympathy with that theological doggerel which pictures God as out in the universe looking for Himself, not yet arrived at the point of self-consciousness, a kind of hectic, emaciated ghostly becoming, without having fully arrived! That sort of thinking advertises the quality of mental milk-and-water mushiness some of us are capable of stirring up. Of a different grain, however, are those New Testament strata of thought upon which the Incarnation immovably rests. "Though He was a Son"—yes, *the* Son, the only Begotten Son—"yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered." And what were the things He suffered? Some of them, unquestionably, were these: Human dullness, meanness, slander, hatred, jealousy, lying, misunderstanding, misinterpretation. He suffered them all, and some of them in the Bethany household. "For even His brethren did not believe on Him." When He died on Calvary, His brothers, James and Jude, in common with every other mortal, thought that an end had been made of Him. More than once, His mother undertook to revise His plans, being naturally and motheringly proud of such a Son. Verily, the New Testament is full of the things He suffered.

Whatever the unfathomed immensities contained in the unique and solitary death on Calvary, *that* was not all He suffered. But—in all and through all the things He suffered—He *learned;* and He learned, though He was a Son—the Son of God!

So I infer that there was more than the mere human need—awful and profound as that is—of our Infinite Beethoven in the back yards of time. If God underwent a new experience in the Incarnation, as Christian philosophy and revelation lead us to believe, then the back yard, and all that it signifies, has taken unto itself a value that the human generations cannot exhaust. What if the back yard has already become a suburb of the New Jerusalem, and we know it not? The final greatness, argues a philosopher, is not with the man who alters matter but with the man who alters mind. And does not the true altering of mind rest with Christ, and Christ alone? It is a gigantic task. It will require other ages and other worlds than ours for its complete realization. But both the ages and the worlds belong to Him. Considering our own world, it is not always easy to discern how and where He is altering its mind for the best. But He is, just the same. Not without loss—great and immeasurable, perhaps irretrievable loss; but none the less with gain—deep, golden, and imperishable.

There are more things, truly, in the back yard

than the casual observer sees. Oh, yes, the wash is there, to be sure! And the rubbish! And the croaker! But the clothes are in process of cleansing; underneath the rubbish there is the unspeakable mystery of life; at the feet of the croaker blooms the crocus, and he sees it not. So I am glad, after all, that Beethoven needs the back yard. For one thing, his deaf ears may hear better there. Anyway, the stars look down upon him by night; the sun lights up his forward-looking gaze by day; April rains wash his massive cheeks, as if tenderly striving to mingle their drops with tears not yet all unwept; playful winds whirl about his dead ears, and he looks as if he might be listening to harmonies that would "create a soul under the ribs of death." I am grateful that he beckons me to come and visit with him betimes. Standing in his mute presence, his lips of stone seem to be saying: "Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits." And then—

"All suddenly the wind comes soft,
  And Spring is here again;
And the hawthorn quickens with buds of green,
  And my heart with buds of pain."

Yet is there not something poignantly creative in these "buds of pain"? Does not one look with other,

deeper eyes upon the groaning, travailing universe? Even groaning within ourselves, do we not already have the "first-fruits of the Spirit"? If so, then the crimson buds of pain are unrolling into spiritual buds of green! Wherefore, we shall make no terms with Giant Despair and his obstreperous myrmidons. Rather, we shall go on our way in quietness and hope, reinterpreting the pilgrim-rune of David Grayson: *"I am living deep again."*

II

"The back yard needs Beethoven." That was the second idea flashed out by my unassuming monitor. Just what he meant by it, or all that he meant, I do not pretend to understand. But it is one of those cryptic sayings which lend themselves to various interpretations.

Did he mean that there is a kind of drab, monotonous variety in the life of the back yard that needs to be awakened to something higher by the breath of the artistic? If he did, my answer was ready. "What!" I should have exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that here, close to the heart of things, there is any need whatever of art? Look at Mother Nature waking her children up! Is it not a sight for gods and men to see then scrambling out of their wintry sleep? There is that dandelion this moment thrusting its saffron bonnet through the soil; there is that

dream-haunted hedge, alive with a million buds, fairly opening their green eyes upon the April-colored world; here is this emerald-streaked carpet of grass, daily unrolling its velvety splendor in patterns of soothing, nutritious greenness; there is that lazy worm, capable of losing both its head and tail and then uncomplainingly growing each again, as if worm-surgery were foreordained to keep human surgery on the brink of despair. And then—look! quick! There goes the first bluebird, like a winged flower dipped in vats of heavenly blue! What is art, if you please, to all this?"

From the harvest of his quiet eye, my friend seemed to say: "Nature can only come to its deeper self through the aid of the human. Apart from Beethoven, how long would it take your flowers and worms and bluebirds to arrange themselves into a Ninth Symphony?"

He was getting me into the deep waters of thought, beyond all question; so deep, indeed, that I had no mind to follow him just then. Like a barefoot boy with his first Maytide vision of the old swimming hole, I, too, was whooping things up in the quivering out-of-doors. For who dares to say that there is no excitement in watching the brown, wintry earth turn green before our very eyes? Who is willing to confess that there is no emotion whatever in considering the marvel of unfolding buds? And

who, verily, could behold that feathered miracle named the first bluebird in Spring and not fanatically believe in God and angels and saints and fairies and everything else that is lovely and of good report?

Still, I am willing to concede, notwithstanding my unbridled fanaticism toward prophetic bluebirds and evangelical shrubbery, that this matter of the back yard's need of Beethoven cannot be ignored. For are not the back yards of the world pathetically in need of an interpreter? One can scarcely restrict the application of this thought; it is so wide-winged, so class-defying, so vastly human in its appeal. Plainly, the need of an interpreting, harmony-haunted Beethoven is universal. Take my two friends of "the cloth"—well-worn cloth, too, very black, very long, and very shiny! I saw them for the last time as they rounded a curve on the hill-road in that long-vanished West Virginia morning. I was on my way to my first circuit, a callow youth, with all the extra meanings attendant upon callowness. The saving grace of it all is, in the mellow light of memory, I was so eager to make the venture that I spent a well-nigh sleepless night. Long before the morning broke its heart of silver over the Kentucky hills, I was fording the mountain river that separates West Virginia and Kentucky. My wagon was not hitched to a star, but to an old bay mare, driven by a faithful, half-witted servant who lived

in the home of my beloved Grandmother Sullivan. Within a few hours I reached the railroad station and the train that bore me on my way rejoicing.

It was on this first lap of the journey that, quite suddenly, these two veteran scouts, who had already guarded the lone outposts of Zion for three or four decades, came driving around a bend in the road. Their greetings and godspeeds were memorably cordial; their "God bless you, brother!" and "May you follow in the footsteps of your noble Grandfather!" —these are still soft and vivid notes in the music of memory.

Now, those two noblemen of God probably worked their lives away at a yearly average compensation of less than five hundred dollars. One of my own appointments having paid me twenty-five cents —a shining, silver quarter of a dollar for the year!— I rate myself an authority in estimating such budgets! But inasmuch as the problem of keeping soul and body together has grown more acute, even for ministers, in these latter days, I am setting the stipend of those two circuit-riders a trifle high. Yet, it is not of their pitiable salary that I am thinking, chiefly, at a distance of twenty years. I am thinking, rather, of this: They had stuff—genuine, clean-through, human Godlike stuff—in them. They were big, burly, oaklike, hickory souls that knew how to wrestle with the spiritual storms that swept through

those lonely, whispering hills. Up the hollows and down the creeks and over the mountain spurs and into the schoolhouses and log cabins they carried the Good News of God. Fleet-footed couriers were they sent straight from the News Bureau of the Heavens. They reported what they had seen and heard in first editions direct from heart-presses mightily moved by the Spirit of God. There was considerable crudeness, to be sure; but the downright, challenging, smiting, eloquent reality of the thing—that is what stabs the human soul wide awake!

But oh! the pathetic incompleteness of their lives. There were hungry depths within them forever unfed. There were suppressed longings but brokenly realized. There were high thoughts, stammeringly spoken at best, yet refreshingly original withal. Was it because the ears of the speakers lay closer to the nature of things than is customary in a more driving and mechanical age? "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men—that is genius." That, also, is one of the shining memory-nuggets I picked up during those hill-days. Yet do not the men and the saying prove the necessity of an interpreting Beethoven in our back yards of the world? Nature leaves so many things unsaid; life begins and ends with a host of problems unexplained. Look where

we will, the interpreter is much in request. We do well not to forget the "sky-born music"; we do ill if we fail to remember the music that comes from behind the sky.

Yet my friends, who long ago laid their tired bodies down within the bosom of those wooded hills, are not the only ones requiring an interpreter. Indeed, these suppressed lives do not argue so insistently, after all, for a clew to the tangled skein of human mysteries, as the unfolded, ripened men and women of the ages. If Paul could make such apostolic gestures in less than threescore years and ten, what might he not accomplish in threescore and a million? If Shakespeare could drag into the open such ordinarily concealed and yet such extraordinarily great thoughts, within less than threescore years, what may he not report as he becomes æonianly familiar with the Archives of Eternity? If Frederick Robertson could think and preach so gloriously in less than twoscore years, shall we become foolhardy enough to set any limits to the sermons and expositions he may make after spending ten thousand years in the presence of the Original Text? If Raphael could paint a Transfiguration while yet scarcely removed from the swaddling bands of his earthly youth, what may he not achieve in a universe whose solar sunsets are relatively blurred canvases, knowing that in the spaces there are flam-

ing blue suns as well as flaming red suns—worlds so unimaginably colored that our seven prismatic colors do not begin to tell the beauty of them?

Anyway, Beethoven himself needs an interpreter even more than the spinner of jazz melodies. And was he not grandly sure of finding Him? Equal to any music Beethoven ever composed, I think, are those last and dying words of his, spoken as he was mysteriously moving out of his house with its dead ears into his house not made with hands: *"I shall hear in Heaven."* "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." I am more than half inclined to wonder if there are not blended prophetic and apostolic deeps hidden away in these words which can never be entirely sounded by the psychologist and the psychoanalyst? If the back yard really needs Beethoven, the back yard verily has Him! "The sun," says Bacon, "though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before." I wonder if music, though it passes through dull, human ears, remains not only as musical as it was before, but obeying what the great German was fond of calling the law of spiritual increase in the universe, becomes even more musical? Well, anyway, the Infinite Beethoven knows.

III

"The world needs both." Without too large a generalization as to what is implied by "the world," I prefer to confine the meaning to the speaker and to myself. Strikingly minute editions of the world as we are, this method offers the advantage of being concrete. Human life, being what it is, and in the process of an immeasurable becoming, I do not hesitate to affirm that all of us need both—Beethoven, who speaks for the ideal, and the back yard, which hardly needs to speak for the practical, being in itself so loud-toned that we can with difficulty miss its meaning.

Are not most of us inclined to be somewhat impatient with the ideal, with the larger significance inevitably attaching to life and things? Particularly is this true in a time such as ours, when the planet is in a sort of human upheaval, when there is so much brawny work to be done, and rather brusquely crowding us on every side. But does not the very fact that there is so much to be done make it all the more imperative that we keep perfectly clear the reason *why* so much should be done? That world-deep *why* hurls us immediately beyond the boundaries of the so-called practical. We are at once in the presence of Beethoven—of music, of art, of prayer, of faith, of hope, of love, of soul, of God. Why, then,

should the millions moil and toil? To build faster railways, more efficient banks, larger machine shops, taller, sun-hiding skyscrapers, more sanitary cities, more convenient houses? That we may do all these and not do enough, is a commonplace of progress, ethics, and religion; but that while doing all these we may also become dead souls is the spiritual revenge which the universe invariably takes upon us. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great a salvation?" The question is not simply evangelical; it is cosmic, scientific, historic, profoundly human. And the answer comes, from a thousand voices, that there is no possible escape—not as long as the universe bears the semblance of order. Every day I meet cultured, successful men who have no more of a spiritual roof over their heads than the veriest hobo, who boasts not a single physical shingle for his. As I view it, the latter is replete with physical and human pathos; but the former is black with terrible spiritual tragedy. For the physical tramp is sordidly, repulsively dead; the spiritual tramp is smoothly, subtly, gayly, icily, splendidly, hopelessly dead, though unburied. Frequently he is a cynic; underneath his fine exterior there is dourness and sourness; and I modestly submit that a pickled cynic, though preserved in a strong brine of gold, can never acquire a delicious taste on any planet in the known universe.

Truly, my friend, we need Beethoven; our human

nature must have superhuman nature within, around, and underneath it. "It is the province of a great poet," Wordsworth once said to Klopstock, "to raise people up to his own level, not to descend to theirs." It were not less truly said of the statesman, the Christian preacher and reformer, or indeed of any Christian whatsoever. But to lift people at all—aye, there's the rub! If there is so much sheer dead weight in any other realm known to avoirdupois, average people like ourselves, people whom we meet in the stress and press of everyday, seem to be complacently unaware of it.

And yet there is a Lifter! He carries the worlds on His shoulders and His sin-smitten, death-wounded children in His heart. If the old Greek geometrician discovered the principle of the lever, declaring, "Give me where to stand, and I will move the world," our Uplifted Beethoven reveals the moral center of God and Man, takes His stand upon it, saying: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself." Thus, while I can see the dead weight in the average man, especially as it does not require much visualizing power to do that, He senses, even from his riven, shuddering hill of red rain, the possibility of all men being lifted to heights beyond which heights there are none—Himself!

So, I think, we need both—the ideal and the real. The problem of life is to keep the two in proper

focus. Our capacity for spilling over on the wrong side of each is ever with us in exasperating dimensions. Some want to be hermits and others never want to be out of human haunts; some are shriveled-up book-worms and others carry brains alive with the worms of ignorance; some are riotously socialistic and others are egocentrically individualistic; some want to pray all the time and others want to work all the time. And so we go—mis-seeing, mis-doing, mis-living. Yet the unwithering secret of life is the legitimate marriage of these two facts, which are deeply one at heart. I once saw a librarian have a child expelled from the reading-room of a library while the librarian himself kept right on talking louder than a half dozen children. Thus the abyss between theory and practice must be continuously bridged over. But the Bridge-builder has come; He has never gone away; He has wisely vanished behind the horizons of sense that He may more perfectly, universally, and transfiguringly home within. That myth of the sibyl and Tarquin the Proud is instructive here. Having nine books, she offered to sell them to the king. As he refused to buy them, she went away and burned three. Then she came a second time, demanding as much for the six as for the nine. Still the king refused to purchase. The sibyl went away and burned three more. Returning with three, she asked as much for them

as for the nine. At last the king's curiosity was excited, and he bought the remaining three. And well that he did! They contained the destinies of the Roman Empire.

Without a single touch of myth, but with the very soul of reality, the destinies of humanity are revealed in words as simple as they are sublime, as heartening as they are unexplorable, as modern as they are more than sixty generations old. They were spoken to Thomas, a severely practical man—a man prone to linger overmuch in the back yard of being. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by Me." Thomas did not readily understand; but after the Light of the World had gone through the apostle's endungeoned parts, the Sun, to recall Bacon's figure, was just as pure as before, while Thomas was infinitely cleaner. At least one thinks so, when, eight days later, the man of doubt had his gaze lifted from the muck and mire and accepted, whole-heartedly, the Lordship of that eternity-tuned Beethoven, Who was dead and is alive forevermore.

III

Morning Tourist, Ltd!

"WELL, what did you see this morning?" The question was asked by the wife of the Morning Tourist.

"Ask me something easy," he answered. "I have seen so much that my mind is all in a harmonious whirl."

And yet the Tourist was limited in more ways than one. He was limited for time, a most important element in all true sight-seeing. He was limited, also, in respect to territory. For it was only a nook in the blooming, melodious out-of-doors that he had been able to visit. Most of all, as the sequel proves, he was limited in the matter of eyes. If he had owned a thousand eyes instead of two, he knows that something would have managed to escape them. So, fully recognizing the handicaps he suffered, here is an attempt to set down a few of the Morning Tourist's observations.

I

The first item has to do with what the wise ones call the inorganic. Whether they understand all

that might be said about this mysterious realm, I shall not tarry to debate. It was the belief of Plato that poets utter great and mysterious things which they themselves do not understand; it may be even so of the savants and the inorganic. But, like the poor, the inorganic is ever with us. And with us in surpassing wonder, too. For is it not a miracle too great to be told to watch this world of soil and roots change before our very eyes? Snow covered the ground a few weeks ago; the earth was stiff with ribs of ice; the razor-like winds shaved one's face with keen edges. Yet behold! The only snow visible anywhere today is in the white blossoms waving in the domes of swaying, wind-rocked trees; there is not a sign of frozen stuff in the ground, this busy merchantman having bartered away his icy wares for tender grasses and flowering shrubs; the wind no longer smites—it is soft, wooing, and priestly, bearing a million seeds upon its invisible wings to nuptial bowers hidden away in every part of the wedded and wedding Springtime.

Do I believe in miracles? With all my heart! As long as snowbanks are lifted into bowers of green; as long as icicles are changed into fragrant twigs; as long as the wild tunes of March melt into the building songs of May, I shall remain an incurable believer in miracles. I refuse to be mentally and spiritually brow-beaten by polysyllabic terminol-

ogy about inviolable laws and cosmic forces. While some people use the big words only, I am highly resolved to enjoy the Big Fact also!

Still keeping close to the inorganic, here is a sight worth inscribing upon the tablets of memory. Let me illustrate what I mean by something familiar in our human world. Some friends came in to see the new baby—not mine, I am sorry to say, but somebody's dimpled, wonderful baby! But the little creature was asleep. Having slept long enough, it was high time the darling was now wide awake and engaged in the enchanting business of cooing—business, by the way, no honest bachelor can understand except through an interpreter. Still the baby slept on. Then did I see the Mother bend over that cradle and gently call her child back from the Sleeplands of Babyhood into our noises. Likewise, have I not seen Mother Nature brooding above her ten thousand cradles? Putting on her robes of mothering glory, she goes mysteriously forth and says: "Get up, Dandelion! Rouse yourself, Tulip! Come out and greet the sun, Heliotrope! Wake up, Hyacinth, and sprinkle the air with your fragrance!" And do not all the floral children know their Mother's voice? Yes; down to the last syllable and tone. A still better answer is in the whole wide-verdured world named gardens, fields, valleys, and mountains. For in Maytime the earth is one vast, many-colored vase

wafting its blended odors up to the Throne of God.

Yet I dare not pass from the inorganic without asking a question which fairly haunts me every springtime. It is this: Where does the tulip *begin* to get its red or white or yellow? Is the color concealed in the soil, the root, the stamen, the pistil, or where? And when does the color *begin* to steal into the rose, the violet, or the orchid? I asked a gardener this question as he spaded up the soil about the roots of the rose-bushes. Truly, the look upon his face was a study in human botany! But never mind! I am slyly resolved on putting the same question—at the psychological moment, of course!—to my botanical friend, justly renowned for his knowledge of the plant world. Only, I am going to couple with my question concerning the birth of color in flowers, a second one which troubles me not a little. It runs somewhat as follows: At what point does the fragrance get spilled into the jar of a hyacinth? There is, no doubt, a scientific answer to these questions; but even after they have been answered in the latest word of botanical technique, I somehow feel that I shall go right on from Spring to Spring, asking my foolish questions concerning the origin of color and fragrance in flowers. For, as someone has said, it is exactly where biology leaves off that all religion begins. Yet why not have all—botany, biology, and

religion? That is the question the Morning Tourist was asked by the blossoming inorganic world.

But if so many awe-provoking sights are visible in the inorganic, what is one going to do when he invades the organic realms? Intellectually stampeded and emotionally overwhelmed, certainly, if he does not watch his step! If roots and petals are baffling, are not wings and warblings gloriously bewildering? If colors on trees and bushes are exquisite, colors on wings—singing flowers in feathers, floating through the air and winging from tree to tree—are lovelier by far than the most fragrant-sounding words can picture them. For, while fields and gardens are unfolding their panoramas of color, have not birds also been dipped in glowing vats of beauty and marked with every imaginable tint and tone? In a single tree I have seen a goldfinch and a bluebird holding forth at the same time. It was a momentary study in unconscious beauty; for no man or woman could possibly have flaunted so much finery on Fifth Avenue without the happy, accusing consciousness that everybody in the universe was looking straight at them! Yet was not that a holy trinity of color that I saw? The green of the tree, the blue of the bluebird, and the gold of the goldfinch!

One of the most royally marked creatures that travel on wings is the flicker. He is drawing worms

out of the earth by the yard, some distance away, as I sit here writing. His large body only helps to display his rich colorings. Still, neither that flaming red spot above the head, nor that black scarf across the breast, nor that whiff of white on the tail, nor the shining, russet-colored suit worn by the large body—these do not disclose the unforgettable beauty of the flicker. It is when he springs from the ground and unfolds his ample wings in rhythmic motion, that his unrivaled beauty breaks upon the eye. His underwings are of gleaming gold, and the gold is visible only in flight. Often, as I have watched him careering through the air and revealing his golden parts, I have two monotonously familiar thoughts. Foremost, that he deserves a more euphonious name; some mortal has inflicted a verbal wound upon this glorious bird by naming him the flicker. Why not call him a licker or a kicker, a whacker or a cracker, and be done with it! A rose may smell as sweet by another name; nevertheless, I would not take advantage of the rose's unprotesting, innocent sweetness by fastening a harsh, unmelodious name upon it. Why, if the flicker were dependent upon its name as a guarantee of its position in the scale of creation, it would most assuredly flicker out! The other thought this golden-underwinged bird flashes into me is this: How like a human he is at his best! As the bird discloses his gold only in flight, so man dis-

closes his true qualities as he makes for the Infinite. Knee-deep in its muck and mire, human nature has no beauty that either God or man should desire it; but when human nature, with unfolded wings of aspiration and endeavor, makes for the highlands of destiny, it flashes forth from its hidden depths splendors of divinity and arguments of immortal worth.

Yet more than rainbowed colors make overtures from sod and wings. There is correspondence of the most irresistible and intelligent kind. I had to take off my hat one Sunday morning to Valiant Mr. Woodpecker. I was out in the open getting tuned up for my sermon in Central Church, but lo! this gentleman in feathers was already in tune and preaching furiously from his tree pulpit. There he was, walking up and down, over and around the body of the tree. I soon found that the tree served him for his breakfast table, and he was swallowing insects as gormandizingly as John Barleycorn swallows "hooch." Ever and anon he paused at his feast and sang; as he sang, he listened; and while he listened, he got his answer. For, a considerable distance away, Mrs. Woodpecker was also serving herself at an oak-tree cafeteria. Each time my nearby friend sent his vocal wireless, she answered promptly in the clear, spontaneous woodpecker code. Did they understand? Now, don't be foolish, friend! The constitution of the universe would violate itself if it failed

to keep faith with a pair of woodpeckers on a May morning.

So, there is hope for you, provided you do not insist on being the living prototype of the gentleman whose brief but significant biography was written millenniums ago: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." And does not the fool always go wrong, first, in his heart? Becoming a moral cripple, he begins to pull down the blinds in the house of life. Then, in that morally smothering, spiritually vermin-infested atmosphere he exists rather than lives. And therein, with no window open toward the Infinite, he inwardly rots. The foul contagion of his foolishness, creeping from his heart to his head, produces gradual death. At last he blatantly screams that there is no God. In a living universe he alone seems to have been neglected by the undertaker, being thoroughly dead, but unburied. And the combined paradox, satire, sarcasm, irony, and idiocy of it all is: If a man says, There is no gravitation, we reply, Shut up, you fool, or you'll get yourself shut up in an asylum for the insane! But let some materialist or atheist proclaim from the cellars of life, There is no God, and there are many good-natured, easy-going, foolish folk who say, He is a smart man; he says there is no God; therefore, God is not!

As for myself, I prefer to accept the conclusions

of Mr. Woodpecker and his faith-keeping mate. Without being able to read Tyndall on the science of sound, they instinctively assume that sound was made to answer sound. Thus, in our human world, wise men assume God; they act as if He were; they invariably find that He is. But fools never do. Intellectual smartness is too clumsy to survive in a universe which, as Job suggests, hangs on nothing. Just outside my study window I sometimes see a big, prosperous-looking spider hanging on nothing also—nothing save a thin, filmy stuff without which modern astronomy would be seriously handicapped in its study of the interstellar worlds. Strange as it may seem, does not the fool become a wise man when he learns that the soul, as well as the universe, ultimately hangs upon the mighty but invisible threads of faith, hope, and love? "The path of science and letters is not the way into nature," says the seer. "The idiot, the Indian, the child, and the unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissection of the antiquary." Consequently, when I go out in the splendor of the dawn, I invariably leave my electric flashlamp at home. Then it is easier, somehow, to find God, the True Master of the Inn, Who takes "a man who doesn't want to live and makes him fall in love with life."

II

The Morning Tourist, limited as he was, could not confine himself to nature only, however interesting and appealing. There were examples of human nature abroad clamorously refusing to be ignored. As our own is the age in which the factor of human life upon the earth is much in evidence, it is perhaps appropriate to consider this phase now.

But not from the viewpoint of the specialist! That smacks too much of the authoritative—and the Morning Tourist is not an authority. Long ago the biologist, the sociologist, and the psychologist in him were summarily killed by the humanitarian and the latitudinarian, aided and abetted by the vegetarian. It was all caused by the aforesaid conspirators rising up to destroy the joy and fun of the human in him. Little by little they were getting the better of the fight; but one day an unexpected ally suddenly leaped up out of his subconscious pool and smote those ugly enemies hip and thigh—if not with the jawbone of an ass, then probably with an infinitesimal but highly effective sword wrought from the by-products of a gram of radium! Ever since, those conspirators have been serenely quiescent, if not entirely null and void. If they are still in existence, they have certainly changed their forms, obeying the natural behest of things that change but never die.

Moreover, it may be that he has been encouraged in this matter by some words of Richard Grant White. "Newton saw no better," avers the Shakespearean scholar, "rejoiced no more in the beauty of color, than other people because he analyzed the sunbeam." Add to these words that saying of O. Henry about prosperity, and you, too, gentle reader, will be disposed to seriously weigh my altered viewpoint: "When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation." Now, if two such diversified minds as Doctor White and O. Henry, functioning in such widely differing realms as spectroscopy and beefsteak, arrive at practically the same conclusion as my own, do you wonder that I am inclined to be a bit puffed up, even vainglorious, because I have foresworn the devious ways of the specialist and adhere strictly to the paths of the untutored human?

At any rate, I hasten to exhibit a few of my human specimens, assembled from my out-of-doors laboratory. I had almost said library, remembering that old but ever new story of Wordsworth and his morning caller. "Is Mr. Wordsworth in his library?" asked the visitor. Pointing to the hills of Rydal Mount, over which the poet was walking, the servant said: "Mr. Wordsworth's library is all out-of-doors." As the Morning Tourist can scarcely

lay claim to either laboratory or library, suppose we agree on naming his quiet nook just a Lovable Loafing Land.

I venture to name my first exhibit specimen A. He is a boy on the verge of fifteen. In one hand he carries a fishing-pole; in the other a can containing worms. Assuming myself to be a member of what the mystic called the Lord's Happy Boys, I forthwith undertook to be facetious. "Well, boy," quoth I, "the fish are already so frightened by your coming that they have sought refuge on land." "You don't say!" snarled back this digger of slimy worms. "Gee! That's fine! The land is always a good place to catch *suckers!*"

From the emphasis he threw into that last word, I divined that he meant me. So we parted at once, worsted as I unquestionably was in the verbal skirmish. Later on, however, I encountered him again. Now he was standing by the side of the lagoon, barefooted, his pants rolled up above his knees, and in the act of wading out into the cold water. "Don't do that, boy! Please don't!" I shouted. "You will be dead of pneumonia within two weeks."

This time I won. For the boy, discreetly reconsidering his venture, withdrew from the water's edge. And yet my victory was short-lived. A voice out of the Land of Nowhere—much sharper and

more accusing than the lad's sharp thrust about suckers on land—asked:

"Why did you yourself strip stark naked and go swimming in the Big Sandy River in the month of February?"

I did not answer. The question was most embarrassing. The boy's obedience to my earnest plea was in itself somewhat accusing. Like the man in the Master's parable of the wedding feast, I, too, was speechless.

Very different is my second specimen. He is a thoroughgoing man, successful to the ends of his finger-tips. We often meet in our morning strolls and talk things over. "I should rate you a very happy man, Mr. Ferguson," said I, in the course of a discussion hinging upon the subject of success. "You came to this city from the country a poor boy. By dint of hard work and ability, you now stand in the forefront of your line of business. It must be very satisfying to have succeeded as you have."

Not in the least given to excitement or unmeasured words, he replied: "It depends altogether on what you mean by success. That is an elastic term, which contracts as well as stretches. True, I have played the game. It was furious, and not entirely devoid of fun, I confess. But now that I have more leisure, I think less of the fun and more of the fruit."

There was an undercurrent of deep meaning flowing through his quiet speech. Just then a brown thrush—much to my surprise—flew threateningly down and drove away a robin, which was dining at the Early Worm Restaurant. The worm was doubtless a necessity for the music-making of the thrush. Yet there was something so impolite and ill-mannered in the way the thrush helped himself to the meal of his winged brother, that Ferguson's eye did not miss its suggestiveness.

"Yes," he continued, "there is a certain satisfaction in what we men call success. To come into a town like this, ignorant, poor, unknown, and by pluck to wrest a living and then a fortune from the arena of things—that requires industry, courage, and manhood. But there comes a time, as modern industry is organized, when rolling up a fortune is somewhat after the method practiced by that thrush on the robin. The robin found his worm, pulled him out of the soil, was in the act of enjoying him, when that bandit thrush appeared, helped himself to another's earnings, and flew away. Naturally, the robin, if he could reason, would ask the why and wherefore of such a system."

Meantime, I was wondering what the worm might have to say!

"Now what I am driving at," he continued, "is this: Industry is a coöperative affair. We are learn-

ing that society is dependent on all its parts, not just a few; that heads, hearts, and hands are not necessarily exclusive, but economically and humanly inclusive. The same is true of nations. The evolution of society makes it utterly impossible for modern nations to get along without each other; therefore, they must get along with each other, or perish through their selfishly competitive and destructive antagonisms."

Pretty tall talk that! And all from a self-educated man, successful to the core of him, but not altogether pleased with his success.

"You're a preacher," he went on. "Would to God that I myself were an ordained minister of the Gospel! Night and day, in village and city, on farm and in factory, in school and governmental houses, I would proclaim the way of Jesus—not simply as the only way out of our educational, industrial, and political tangles, but"—— here he paused for an instant, as if weighing every word he spoke—"but the way of Jesus is the only way *in* to success that does not leave regretful memories."

What a revelation was this man! Had I come in contact with a new angle of the modern mind? Is there an unchurched, creedless section of our humanity, prosperous but disappointed with its prosperity, seriously aware that the law of Christ, which is the Spirit of Love, is not merely the only way out of our

international desert, but the only way in to the paradise of human satisfaction and achievement? Anyway, this modern mind has compelled me to read, with new eyes, some words from a little book which I have carried in my pocket for many years. "The atmosphere of moral sentiment"—so the words run —"is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the universe." And to these words of Emerson I cannot resist adding the words of David Swing: "The human soul must have freedom. By a gateway of wonder man came upon this earth; by the same gateway he passes out. The supernaturalism in Jesus is the best wisdom of our life in this world and in the world to come. He is the place where the earth blends with heaven—the line where sea and sky meet. He is the only miracle we need, but our need of Him is infinite."

There are still other specimens—so many, indeed, that there is not room to label them all in this imperfectly constructed verbal cabinet. There is the little girl whose mother was feeding the blackbirds, which followed the peanut-bag around with all the cringing brazenness of professional beggars. While the lustrous black tramps followed the bag, the child followed the birds, vainly striving to pick one up. Always barely missing the elusive citizens on wings, the child grew angrier by the minute, finally stamping her

foot with indignation. As the mother and the maid laughed, I joined in. Yet, could one, in justice, limit such childish outbursts of indignation to my unknown little friend? There is too much of this in grown-ups for one to be unduly severe on the child. I have seen the temper of politicians, scientists, philosophers, physicians, preachers, editors, and millionaires fired up by kindred trivialities. The astute blackbirds of desire failed to play into their hands, and mercy! what an explosion! If somebody had just roared with laughter at the proper moment, the peeved child of larger growth may have been shocked into a wholesome reaction to common sense, and laughed also. Is there not entirely too much bad temper in the world, and among people, too, of whom we have the right to require better manners? "Bad temper," observes a thinker, "is the vice of the virtuous." Bad temper is not confined to the virtuous, by any means; but the virtuous have no right to succumb to such a vice. "Anger," said Plutarch, "turns the mind out of doors, and bolts the door." There is, of course, a righteous anger—not mere personal resentment nor undisciplined human explosiveness—that burns deep and strong. Its seat is in the bosom of God and in the soul of every genuine apostle of justice. Therefore, in all ultimate thinking, the wrath of the Lamb is to be dreaded more than the roar of the lion.

To sum it all up in a sentence, the Morning Tourist saw just as many editions of human nature as there were human beings. Each of us brings his own map of the universe with him. There is resemblance everywhere, but always difference, too. As Carlyle said, Newton and his dog Diamond looked out upon a different pair of universes. But it is not true of dogs and philosophers only; it is equally true of philosophers and hod-carriers. The whole seems to have been symbolized by that versatile musician in the top of a lilac bush. My favorite soloist of the trees is the mocking bird. A Caruso on wings, he is so glad to sing that he gives you, free of charge, a ticket calling for a front seat in his embowered opera house. As is well known, he is a master imitator, singing the songs of other birds as well as his own. I thought I had never heard him sing so deliriously and with such versatility. For repertoire, he was a combined Mozart, Wagner, and Beethoven in feathers. He seemed, as he proceeded with his many-sided program, a kind of feathery vocal expression of the universe; for he displays marvelous variety in harmoniously concentrated unity.

So, is not the world itself one vast mocking bird, wherein each soul may hear its own song, and as much of the music of every other soul as he is capable of hearing? Stars differ in glory, said Paul; and so do humans; they exhibit as many trillions of

differences as there have been human individuals in the sweep of the ages. Yet the universe is one throughout its million-toned variations, because, within the dazzling splendor of His infinite variousness, God is one; and the heart of His oneness is Love.

But here we are entering a field which reminds the Morning Tourist that he is limited indeed! It may be well, therefore, to close with the song of "The Never-Old":

> "They who can smile when others hate,
> Nor bind the heart with frosts of fate,
> Their feet will go with laughter bold
> The green roads of the Never-Old.
>
> They who can let the spirit shine
> And keep the heart a lighted shrine,
> Their feet will glide with fire-of-gold
> The green roads of the Never-Old.
>
> They who can put the self aside
> And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
> Their eyes will see the gates unfold
> The green roads of the Never-Old."

IV

An Artist in Living

PERHAPS you think the phrase should read, "An Artist of Life." That sounds excellent; it also reads well, capturing the eye. Moreover, it smacks of the classic; and most of us are partial to classicalism, even when we have to take a second glance to definitely distinguish between Alpha and Omega. We are like the erstwhile laundress who married a rich man. Both were determined, despite the handicap of illiteracy, to shine in the realms of culture. They bought cartloads of books—classics, history, science, poetry, philosophy, best sellers, and everything. One day a guest was admiring a new edition of Homer, with its accusing, uncut pages. Still, the hostess, feeling that some comment was imperative, glibly remarked: "Bill and me sure do love this Homer guy. He pulls off more fights than John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain ever heard of."

An artist of life, however, suggests the painter only, while I have in mind something altogether superior to the artistic dealer in colors. He is a greatly successful human being; he is a radiantly white soul in a dark-skinned body; he has, for more

than a score of years, tended the wash-room and shoe-shining chair of a large New York store; he is now almost threescore years and ten, and "going west" with good hope and a morning face.

"I am not going to make any suggestions." As I entered, he was talking to a friend, who had been asking him certain questions. *"My employer has always been good to me, and I can and will trust him now."*

On inquiry, I found that he had just been placed upon the firm's pension list. "How long have you been here, Uncle?" I asked.

"Twenty-three years, sir. If I do say it myself, I'm a little bit proud this morning. They have just told me that I have the best record of anybody in the establishment, white or black. I tell you"—he repeated it almost tearfully—"I'm awfully proud of myself."

After telling me where he attended church and the name of his pastor, he went on: "You know I don't have to be here today. My pension began last week, and the rules do not require me to come down now at all. But I'm just coming down for a few days anyway—*doing a few extra things that need to be done.*"

But there were no italics in the tones of his voice. It was all said in simplicity, piquancy, beauty.

I

Certain things stand out in the old man's character. I think they are of quite permanent worth. They write him down in the catalogue of distinguished souls. They place him, it seems to me, high up in the class of artists in living.

The first thing is his fine sense of appreciation. Asked if he had any demands to make of the business which he had faithfully helped, and which had helped him as well, he was perfectly content to leave the matter in the hands of his employer. "Certainly," the cynic may rejoin. "Why not? Does not the old negro know that he will get a better deal thereby?" An unintended tribute to the employer, yet the remark is thoroughly unjust to the colored man. While it is not wise to "bank" absolutely upon human nature, I am sure that the old shineman's decision represents a habit of mind, an attitude toward life, the invaluable temperament of appreciation.

Are not half the uglinesses of life born out of the womb of ingratitude, out of our obstinate blindness to the beauty and goodness calling upon us day after day? How else, for example, are we to account for our stinginess toward Nature? Generation after generation the old Mother stands with outstretched hands patiently begging her children—for what?

Just a few pennies from our toy banks of appreciation, that she may give us undreamed wealth in return. "Nature is the only book," said Goethe, "that has a great lesson on every page." And is it not because both Goethe and Wordsworth saw and read Nature's great lessons, that we hold them forever in our hearts? As for the latter, he suggests reality—Wordsworth's chief contribution to the world, as indeed high-toned reality is any soul's supreme offering to God and men. Stripping away the veneer and frescoes with which artificial rimesters had overlaid the poetry of the time, Wordsworth said: "Come, now. Be genuine. Look into Nature's soul and she will smite you through with strokes of her own majesty and loveliness." And it was so. A new school of singers, quite able to forsake the dusty nests of custom and fly abroad in the pure, bracing skies of truth, came to birth.

Appreciation is therefore the foundation of the artist in living. He is no longer deceived by the camouflage that mars certain huge ships of culture sailing artificial seas. Admitting the greatness of art, he knows that all true art is fathered by life and mothered by character. False teachers say that I must first go to the library to discover greatness. But William Shakespeare and Oliver Cromwell, Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee were great long before their names were caught within the four

walls of any library. They say that I must first go to the art gallery to discern beauty. Where do stars and daisies and children's faces come in? They say that I must first go to the orchestra to hear music? What did God make larks and nightingales for? They say that I must first go to the forum to learn wisdom. A fine proposition truly; it looks well in text-books on rhetoric: but it assumes that God is dumb and that I am deaf. Nay; all of these are second, because life—the warm, budding, blooming breath of life—is first, even as God is first and the universe second.

Moreover, the arts owe their being to the simple and glorious truth that they embody some phase of life. Both arts and institutions keep the even tenor of their way only by keeping up with life; otherwise, they become mere shells cast upon the shores of oblivion, while the sea of life flows calmly on through the channels of infinity. Only life counts; existence is of little worth, or at least far down in the scale of being, as the worm lazily proves. Students know how reading of greatness may degenerate into self-indulgent pastime; but an honest endeavor to be great—great in simplicity, great in helpfulness, great in lovingkindness, great in truthfulness, great in trustfulness, great in mental hospitality, great in humility—this is indeed that industrious idealism which brings from the mines of the Infinite the dia-

monds of character, the glowing rewards of high and faithful living. Such endeavor may be likened unto the grease plate attached to the wonderful machines at the Kimberley diamond mines. All sorts of things tumble over it—emeralds, opals, nails, solid substances; but when a diamond strikes the grease plate it sticks. There is a strange affinity between the grease and the diamond. Similarly, the appreciative nature picks up spiritual diamonds at every step in life's journey. And these jewels are always gleaming through the dust of the commonplace, always shining in the fields of the extraordinary. The elder Hallam says that his son Arthur was especially deficient in the power of memory. "But," he adds, "he could remember anything, as a friend observed to the Editor, that was associated with an idea." Did not my colored friend, all unconsciously but most impressively, thrust one of life's major ideas fairly at me? Henceforth I shall count him a benefactor. I am resolved to strengthen my own memory on the side of appreciation.

II

There is another truth shining through the features of this lustrous man. It is the imprint of soul-satisfaction made by a splendid fidelity. "If I do say it myself, I'm a little proud this morning. They have just told me that I have the best record of any-

body in the house, white or black." If this be pride, then it is the pride Heaven adores. For I know not what else can yield one such unalloyed satisfaction as an honest, bravely wrought record. It produces a feeling in the soul akin to the loveliness of the sunset's afterglow. It is spiritually diffusive; it is the shine of character upon the daily deed; it affirms the loyal devotion of precious hours to the matter in hand; it utters the soul's amen to the joy and necessity of work while it is yet day. Therefore, the night comes quietly, luminously on; it is so full of stars that the darkness can scarcely find room within their mellow interspaces. "We work till the evening," Doctor George A. Gordon wrote me in the most beautiful of letters, "and then for pay we receive the freedom of the universe!"

Yet I am sure that my colored friend, justly proud of his record, is not a disciple of those masters who teach salvation by character or by works. Indeed, I soon discovered the secret of his loyalty. Like Charles Kingsley, he, too, has a Friend. That Friend is the Saviour; that Saviour deals with his sin; consequently, that Saviour makes his salvation vital, deep, personal. And is there not unassailable ground for believing that all the rich character which worthily and permanently avails, in man's long pilgrimage through an infinite universe, grows out of this always new, impregnable reality?

"A man called Dante, I have heard,
Once ranged the country-side;
He knew to dawn's mysterious word
What drowsy birds replied.

He knew the deep sea's voice, its gleams
And tremulous lights afar.
When he lay down at night, in dreams
He tramped from star to star."

We are all out on a Dantesque journey. Going away to spend the night, a handbag will do; but going away to spend Eternity, we require large equipment. Tramping from star to star is not a task that can be triumphantly performed by a spiritual tyro.

As this is not just a diversion, a curious byplay in intellectual gymnastics suggested by a lowly human being as human beings are measured by the world's inadequate yardstick, I wish to recall the words of a great scholar and a lofty soul upon this point. Speaking to Christian people in Carnegie Hall, Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton University, said: "I speak on controversial ground here, but before I got to this platform I spoke a few minutes with several gentlemen of those faiths which teach salvation by character. I regard such an enterprise as one of despair. Just how you feel about your character I do not know, but I know how I

feel about my own. I would not care to offer it as a certificate of salvation."

Three things stand out in this thinker's statement. So long as men teach salvation by character, denying the altogether unique and saving act of God on Calvary, the ground will remain controversial. There can be no salvation without character, that is not even debatable; but to make salvation by character the chief cornerstone of a theology or ethic, misconstrues the facts behind the towering men of history; it ignores the profoundest problems in conscience and consciousness; it negatives the method of the Incarnation, if not its backlying purpose; it proves, if not a clear-cut shallowness, at least a lack of spiritual and mental inclusiveness in the make-up of those sincerely holding it. To gayly assert, as so-called liberals do, that the New Testament conception of salvation is wooden and mechanical, and forsooth needs to be corrected by the modern man's unfolding religious consciousness—well, it is gay assertiveness, anyway. To be told that Paul, for example, was hopelessly entangled by temporary thought-forms that have been forever superseded, is not thoroughly convincing. And why? Because such reasoning, if it be worthy of the name, fails to reckon with Life—the Life so deep, so rich, so fiery, so eternal that no verbal vehicles could contain it. As to the phraseology, what man does not use the

speech of his time? Were he to fail in this, he would be of little use to his own or any age. But the verbal drapery, the thought-molds are secondary. It is the Fact we want; and the great Fact of history is "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Throw away the forms, if you choose, and create better, if you are able, O liberal souls; but the Fact refuses to be tossed away; it is as unworn as the atoms, as undimmed as the galaxies, as fresh and green as April buds.

The second thing: Salvation by character is ultimately a hopeless quest. "I regard such an enterprise as one of despair," says Mr. Wilson. So has every greatly perceptive and profoundly desirous soul. There is, unquestionably, a type of life—gracious, sweet, amiable, refined—that journeys along the paths of being in outwardly excellent form. It stands for good citizenship; it symbolizes culture; it is richly humanitarian and winsomely philanthropic. No man can say that it is not good; nor would any dare say that it does not make for a better world. What one is compelled to say, however, in canvassing all the facts, is this: The type, though good, fails of the best; and it evidently fails of the best because it carries a closed mind to those mighty spiritual forces which produced Paul in one age, Augustine in another, Luther in another, Wesley in another, Westcott in another, Fairbairn in another,

and Denney in another and later still. The difference is not one of scholarship; there have been just as able and eminent scholars in the opposing schools; the difference is one of distinctly definite Christian consciousness as set over against distinctly indefinite Christian consciousness. In a word, it is the kind of life wanting in what Bagehot said Augustine had —"an experiencing nature." At any rate, it is lacking in the power, perhaps due to the closing of certain sides of the nature, to experience in the classic and eternal worths of a full-orbed and undiluted Christianity.

The third statement is also worthy of consideration. "Just how you feel about your character, I do not know; but I know how I feel about my own. I would not care to offer it as a certificate of salvation." Is not this the mood of every thoroughly rational life, face to face with sin, death, and destiny? We know how expert is the soul in conveniently shutting its eyes; it has rare facility, also, for putting on false faces; and it knows how to clothe itself in Emersonian transcendentalisms. But the soul has an inner ear, even when it blinds its eyes; it can hear, when it cannot see, and it knows the crack of doom when it sounds; and doom cares not for spiritual rhetoric or generous make-believe. For then Man cries unto God in earnest. Matthew Arnold sings the undying truth:

"When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eager eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh! save."

Very much more Christocentric is Browning. Speaking of his own religious convictions to Mrs. Orr, his biographer, he closed by reading to her the "Epilogue to Dramatis Personnæ." "It will be remembered," she goes on, "that the beautiful and pathetic second part of the poem is a cry of spiritual bereavement, the cry of those victims of nineteenth century skepticism for whom incarnate Love has disappeared from the universe, carrying with it the belief in God. The third part attests the continued existence of God in Christ, as mystically present to the individual soul:

That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows.

'That face,' said Mr. Browning as he closed the book, 'that face is the face of Christ: that is how I feel Him.' "

It is so of Paul, of Browning, of the humble negro. The unknown, as the well known, has a good record because he has a good God. That explains my obscure friend's sunset saintliness. The dew of the morning and the heat of the noontide survive in the tranquil splendor of the evening. An artist in living, and not just an artist of life, he journeys west with little baggage and much integrity. There is a thrushlike note in his voice, a note blown from far-off heights, and it rings, as Swinburne might say, "like a golden jewel down a golden stair."

III

Surely, not the least important side of the man is revealed in the fact that he had come to the store that very morning. His presence was not required, having already earned his vesper holiday. "But," he said, "I'm coming down for a few days anyway—*just doing a few extra things that need to be done.*"

Ah! that word "extra" is alive with great thoughts; it is vibrant with spiritual music; it suggests a quality of genius that cannot be unduly celebrated. Were the world robbed of the souls proficient in the fine art of doing more than is required, earth would be as vacant as summer chairs on March

verandas bleakly waiting for June's return. For the extra-doing life is of paramount worth. It is the index to all the noble mothers who have carried the children of men under their hearts. "The only bad thing Mother ever does is to die, go away and leave you!" exclaimed an understanding soul. But even then we hear the melody of their sacred feet falling upon heavenly floors. Mothers give us peeps into glory, as Henry Vaughan suggests, tuning our heart-lyres to the victorious chant:

> "Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
> Shining nowhere but in the dark;
> What mysteries lie beyond thy dust,
> Could man outlook that mark!"

Nor is it otherwise with opulent fatherhood. Many a man's inalienable soul-possession is the memory of a father who seemed never to weary of dispensing lovingkindnesses to his unworthy son. Now that he has disappeared, gone in behind all forms and horizons of matter, his memory irradiates the filial heart with a splendor surpassing twilight skies, after the sun has done its "dying so triumphally."

Then, too, when I think of certain shop-girls, wrestling with the unangelic giant of Modern Commerce for the blessing of a livelihood, I wonder if there is not herein abundant material for some new Iliad of heroism. I think of one who is the sole support of aged parents; of another, the head of a

household, feeding and clothing her two orphan sisters, and struggling to keep them in school; of a third, a woman of sixty—her hair is as white as Easter lilies and her voice is supernally sweet—who made a home for her aged Mother so many years that the saint once said to me: "Well, it does look as if God had forgotten to come and take me Home." Her voice of ninety odd summers and winters had a far-away sound, like the soft sigh of a spiritual wind blowing in from Invisible Seas. She was one of those rare souls of whom my friend Doctor William Francis Campbell says: "The old-fashioned woman is the only woman who never grows old-fashioned." Yet do each and all of these unsung heroines bear their burdens unmurmuringly. I will leave the sentence as it stands; yet I know that it does not tell the whole truth. The fact is, these characters are all grateful for the privilege of serving in Love's White Army of the Unconquered and Unconquerable.

What about our soldier boys as exemplars of this royal law? Have they not spoken the extra word of goodness and done the extra deed of heroism? Focus your gaze on Flanders Fields, Château Thierry, and the Argonne Forest. Those terrible nights are sown so thick with stars of gallantry that the darkness shines like the day. Our newspapers were filled with columns of names of both officers

and privates distinguished "for devotion beyond duty." It is a thrilling chapter in America's golden book of heroism. We read in terse official language how "at all times this officer rendered loyal and intelligent support to the division commander and in battle demonstrated high qualities of personal courage." And another: "Though suffering from illness, he volunteered and performed valiant service as a telephone operator under heavy shell fire." And this: "Under fire from enemy artillery, machine guns, and snipers, Private Hopp crawled out in the open within fifty metres of a hostile position, remaining three several hours, and returning with valuable information concerning the enemy's movements." Private Lee and Corporal Caldwell were separated from their company in a smoke barrage. Finding themselves face to face with the enemy, Lee lifted his gun to his shoulder and tried to fire. But the gun was jammed and would not shoot. However, Lee's brain was in first-class working order, for he held his shootless gun dead on the Huns, who threw up their hands, while Caldwell rounded them up and disarmed them. Call it a Yankee trick if you choose; but it helped to save civilization. Second Lieut. Horace B. Scanlon is placed upon the valor roll for "exceptional gallantry and inspiring example." Organizing the most advanced units of his company, he shattered an enemy counter-attack under heavy

machine gun fire. Mortally wounded, he exhorted his men in the unforgettable words: "Go on fighting; never mind what happens to me." And so it runs—a gloriously monotonous battle song of freedom chanted amid the blazing hells of No Man's Land!

These, then, are the degrees we bestow upon the artist in living: A fine sense of appreciation, a splendid fidelity, and a genius for thinking and doing "extra" things. One February morning I chanced to witness their embodiment in a colored brother. For me he has abidingly taken his place in God's ranks of the unknown great. Therefore, I offer no apology for elaborating certain truths which his resonant personality set afoot within the precincts of my own mind. I recall that Doctor Carpenter once sent Sir Charles Lyell a monograph on an obscure specimen of natural history. Fearing that the scientist might think he was exaggerating the importance of the insignificant, Carpenter also sent an apology along with the specimen. Much to his surprise, he received from the geologist this reply: "Any single point is really the universe." If this be true of the natural, it cannot be less true of the spiritual, and especially the spiritual as focused in a human being. We may not agree with Emerson "that everybody knows as much as the savant"; but we must agree with him when he says: "The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with

thoughts." And it is our privilege to go on to a Greater than Lyell or Emerson and hear Him ask and answer one of the most amazing and sublime questions ever heard by mortal ears: "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father: but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

V

Bryanism

MR. BRYAN'S exposition (?) of the philosophy of evolution is interesting from several standpoints. First of all, it reveals the Commoner's uncommon genius for getting hold of the fragments of a proposition and trying to prove that any one of the fragments is more important than the whole. It also illustrates how a greatly useful man may consistently and continuously exercise an essentially untraveled mind. Some people take their bodies around the world, carefully leaving their minds at home, because, as one unsophisticated globe-trotter explained, "I didn't have much mind to bother me when I started." Moreover, it discloses what an important factor temperament plays in the conclusions which we form, whether religiously, philosophically, economically, politically, or even scientifically speaking. For not even the mental discipline and rigor supplied by diligent training in the study of uncolored facts can altogether ignore the individual's temperamental strain.

Furthermore, does not Mr. Bryan's crusade manifest how deeply the roots of medievalism are planted

in wide sections of the so-called modern world; and the kind of medievalism, too, that invariably puts the minor before the major premise. Recently it was my duty, in going from one city to another, to pass through Zion City. As is well known, the "boss" of that rather curious community, Mr. Voliva, teaches, and commands his teachers to teach, that the earth is flat. Somehow or other, as I drove through Zion City, my thoughts insisted on flying away to other cities. For example, Lincoln, Neb., Tampa, Fla., and—oh, well, so many others that are being crusaded by a similar intellectual hypothesis that I could not count them. Yet Zion City, Voliva, and——! Well, at any rate, as the psychologists teach, the law of association is surprisingly strong!

Therefore, Bryanism quite readily lends itself to a definition: *It is a form of human myopia.* I propose to outline this human nearsightedness in its religious, educational, and political aspects. Such a study will, I believe, throw some light upon the mental backgrounds, the intellectual roots, of many of the propositions which are being debated throughout the country.

I

Bryanism is nowhere more pathetic and injurious than in its religious bearing. Going forth in true Don Quixote fashion, it fanatically spends its energy

on windmills instead of deadly fortresses crying aloud for destruction. For what is the cardinal point of the Christian religion? It is love, because God is love. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples," says the Master, "if ye have love one to another." "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ," says Paul, "he is none of His." The Christian, then, is a human being dominated by the love of God, the Spirit of Christ. Possessing everything else but lacking these, he is not a Christian. He may recite all the creeds; give all he has to philanthropy; be an ardent patriot, a Darwinian evolutionist or a Biblical literalist; he may be rich or poor, old or young, learned or ignorant, white, black, red, or yellow. But if he has not love, the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His, he is not a Christian.

Yet Bryanism, with its myopic emphases, excommunicates everybody who does not accept *its* interpretation of God, Man, the Bible, the Universe. It insists that the *method* of man's creation is more important than the fact that man is *already created.* Following this tangential lead, it flies off on its nonsensical lark of turning the Bible into a text-book on physical science. But the Bible—the good and great and unique and unwithering Bible—rebels. There is something almost motherlike in its tender plea: "O foolish man, do not abuse me. Do not force me to do a work for which God never intended me. I

am to the race what a true woman is to her child—a wise and spiritual mother. I am the record of good and bad things in human life. I grew up out of life itself. I am as I am because holy and unholy souls are as they are. My service is infinitely greater than to tell men *how* they were made; science can do that; but the province of religion, of which I am the uniquest custodian, is to teach men *why* they were made—to obey God and enjoy Him forever."

Still, Bryanism has no sense for this august discrimination. It cannot distinguish things that differ. It glibly says: "The Darwinians cannot make a monkey out of me." The obvious reply to which is: The Darwinians do not have to make a monkey out of that kind of thinking: the monkey is there already, self-made, and unblushingly proud of its monkeyism. And this is said with entire respect for the monkey. This much-abused animal has a real place in creation. I believe this because I believe that the Bible and the universe of life teach that God is the creator of all things, sin alone being excepted. Was not Peter an apostle of Bryanism—a victim of human myopia—when he had his vision "of four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth and birds of the heaven"? Commanded to kill and eat, Peter answered: "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common and unclean." It was then that Peter was given a lesson in physical, men-

tal, and spiritual hygiene that men have been Bryanistically slow to learn; for we read: "And a voice came unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, make not thou unclean." Notwithstanding the fact that God has cleansed the heavens and the earth, the vast human tragedy and blindness is that we industriously make common and unclean that which has been smitten through and through by the splendor of Deity. No! I will not have the monkey slandered. He at least has physical and mental agility, if not spiritual imagination. The fact is, I find much in common—and in a universe going slowly on to democracy I do not hesitate to confess it—with my brother anthropoid, even as Francis of Assisi acknowledged a certain friendliness toward his little brother, the ass. The ape and I breathe the same air, drink the same water, bathe in the light of the same sun, are impartially acted upon by the same law of gravity. We have certain physical kinships that all the Bryanism in the universe cannot bawl down. The same God made us both—the monkey and me. *I think he did a good job on the monkey.*

While I do not ignore the rightful position of the monkey in the cosmos, I do not overlook the infinitely greater dignity of man in the scale of creation, even though some men do persist in thinking childishly of the physical beginnings of the race to which they

belong. The distinction of man consists in the fact that God created him in His image. As God has no physical image—a truth which large sections of Bryanism ignore—this means, of course, that man's likeness to God is in his ability to think, will, and feel. Now, whether there has been such a thing as mutation of species or not, my big hairy brother chimpanzee and I are sustained in physical being by blood of the same color. As a matter of fact, some of his senses are much keener than my own. He can climb better, see better, and hear better. But where the champanzee and I part company, by the wisdom of the same Creator, is in the realm of mind. The monkey's body is married to little mind; man's body is married to more mind; God's mind is so great that it wears the universe as a garment, immanent in all things, transcendent over all things, limited by neither matter nor space. I infer that the same God guides me and the monkey; I believe that we shall arrive sometime; I think He has other uses for me than merely those embodied in my earthly career. If the same good God has other uses for the lower orders of creation in this wonderfully glorious and evolving universe, I shall offer no objections, because "God is the Personal Spirit, perfectly good, Who in holy love creates, sustains, and orders all."

But the most serious defect of Bryanism is not in its misinterpretation of the philosophy of evolution.

That is serious enough, to be sure; but the truly bad thing about it is its *spirit*. Mr. Bryan himself is a case in point. Witness his "reply"—if we may dignify his rejoinder by such a phrase—to Professor Osborn and others. Mixing them all up together, having no eye for thinkers that differ as widely as the poles, he places the atheistic Haeckelian and the Christian theist all in the same boat, and shoves them out into Bryanistic seas of perdition. "I presume," he says, "no rejoinder is expected (because, evidently, Bryan had overwhelmed them so completely within his roaring floods of knowledge) to the answers of Professors Osborn and Conklin, but I am sure you will pardon me if I trespass upon your time long enough to thank you for the compliment you pay me in having two professors write in their effort to reply to one layman. (But think of what a layman, Mr. Bryan! The editor doubtless measured the *force* opposed to the professors and knew it would be necessary to have *double forces* on hand to resist such an attack!) . . . The answers of the professors whom you selected have exhibited all the characteristics of their class. They misrepresent their opponents, look with contempt upon all those who do not exhaust the alphabet in setting forth their degrees, and evade the issue which they pretend to discuss. The evidence upon which they condemn the Bible would not be sufficient to convict an habitual

criminal of petty larceny in any court in Christendom. . . . But as far as evidence can be drawn from what they do say, it is evident that they regard the discovery of the bones of a five-toed horse as a greater event than the birth of the Christ."

This sort of thing may smack of wit, satire, and sarcasm all combined. The fact remains, however, that there is a glaring error somewhere. Professor Osborn not only does *not* condemn the Bible; he makes a noble plea for it. He does it in the Christian spirit, too; but not, fortunately, from the myopic viewpoint of Bryanism. The Bible in the hands of a dogmatist is as unseemly as a swan on the shore. No wonder distinguished souls have ever preferred a hell populated by open-minded thinkers to a heaven overcrowded by dry-as-dust dogmatists.

II

Yet there is another application of the principle of Bryanism. Does not a large section of the educational world lay itself open to just censure for teaching a one-sided and inadequate conception of human life? It assumes an ultra-intellectual attitude towards everything. It lays claim not to an outgrown philosophy of the universe, such as Mr. Bryan zealously defends; rather does it lay claim to and stridently teach a scientific mechanism and materialistic philosophy ill-adapted to man's many-sided

nature. What is this but human myopia on another side?

Here, indeed, is the cause of much of this half-baked scientific protest against misnamed scientific teaching. Living in an age of specialists, teachers are readily turned into human machines, grinding out only a portion of the grist of truth. They look at one side of a proposition so constantly that they acquire the habit of mental and moral nearsightedness. Such may be the price we have to pay for the expert. But is not the price exceedingly high? Are we not making our experts unconscious profiteers in one-sided intellectual wares? Moreover, are we not compelled to admit a certain truth in the wag's definition: *An expert is a man a long distance from home.*

Now this mistaken emphasis began more than two generations ago. With the dawn of Darwinism, man was compelled to make a new reckoning of the physical world and of human society. With this new clew to the processes of nature and mankind, the temptation to study not only the biological aspects of plants and animals but the purely physical side of man, was inevitable and irresistible. The world never before witnessed such an army of scientific plodders and diggers. But a man cannot give himself entirely over to digging without getting a stooped body. Nor can a company of scientists devote themselves exclusively to a consideration of the

physical side of human life without developing minds with a decisive spiritual stoop. Mr. Darwin himself is an example of this law. His familiar and melancholy confession of the decay of his youthful love of music and poetry is most saddening. Indeed, few generations have witnessed a deeper spiritual tragedy than that enacted by Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer. By their monumental work on behalf of science and truth they have made mankind their debtor forevermore. Yet were they themselves so blinded by the dust flying from the stones cut out of their enormous scientific quarry, that they failed to give their own souls that genuine and definite opportunity for spiritual development to which they were entitled—not because they were great naturalists, but because they were human beings.

The tragedy was all the more poignant because it was unnecessary. Multitudes of Christians have thanked God for the philosophy of evolution. It has not only furnished them with an intellectual key opening many bewildering doors in the immense house named the universe; it has vastly enlarged their conceptions of God, their appreciation of the world, and their vision of human destiny. As Professor Osborn reminds us, Augustine was a true disciple of the philosophy of evolution. So was John Wesley, Lord Kelvin, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Drummond, and a host of others. All of these conclusively

prove that one may be a high type of Christian and at the same time enthusiastically accept the doctrine of development. They also show that men like Bryan and Haldeman, while unquestionably entitled to their own convictions, merely add to the gayety of nations by verbally dechristianizing those who do not share their own parochial prepossessions.

Nevertheless, the myopic and pedantic attitude of certain professors towards religion, even morality itself, is to be deplored and discountenanced. Dogmatic ignorance is no more repellant than scholastic atheism. Religious fanaticism is quite as tolerable as religious scorn. The one has at least the sanctions of morality, while the other grazes over fields of immoral license. These untoward conditions in academic circles, we are reminded, have been alarmingly set forth through Professor Leuba's widely discussed questionnaire. Let us frankly admit that here is a moral situation that should excite the gravest concern. I am using the term moral advisedly and in its deepest implications. Because such indifference, narrowness, learning, and ability, all strangely sputtering in one huge academic melting pot, and directed against religion, mankind's abiding and transcendent interest, is a menace to the foundations of society; it is nothing short of a moral and religious calamity. "Wherever the sentiment of right comes in," says Emerson, "it takes precedence of

everything else. For other things I make poetry of them; but the moral sentiment makes poetry of me." And yet, with the aid of Doctor Leuba, we are introduced to a large company of intellectuals seemingly bent on knifing "the moral sentiment" to death! That is decidedly what the leaders of thought ought not to be engaged in.

And what but a tawdry, tinseled, rhetorical Bryanism—a provincial, nearsighted, upstartish outlook on life—could have thrown these misled and misleading gentlemen into such a wayside ditch? To assume that man is an intellectual machine solely is at once the height and depth of superidiocy. "Abundance of accomplishments in an unsanctified heart," we read in the letters of William James, "only make one a more accomplished devil." It would seem almost incumbent on Doctor Leuba's group, in view of the bigger, better, wiser, and more learned men who have hilariously believed in immortality, to offer more valid reasons for being caught in such malodorous moral backwash on the River of Time, stoically missing the "murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea." Is it because they are only one-third men who have learned to manipulate a clever mental trap, and are not, in the true sense, educated at all? This habit we moderns have grown of calling people educated who are the possessors of one or many scholastic degrees, is perilously overdone. Profound reverence for

scholarship is one of the marks of true education; profound disgust for its counterfeit—a lop-sided, conceited, one-idead Bryanism—is the inviolable right and duty of common sense. *Why,* therefore, do these gentlemen give such inept and shallow answers to questions involving the deepest issues of human welfare and destiny? Surely, it is not because they are more learned and vital thinkers than Roger and Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, William Ewart Gladstone, Lord Acton, and William James! Reason forces us to base this tragic delinquency on other than sheer intellectual grounds. The fact is probably this: *These so-called educated men are terribly miseducated men.* They are clever intellectuals, only superficially schooled in moral and spiritual values, blithely Bryanesquing through chemical laboratories and university halls. They do not belong, notwithstanding their cap and gown, scalpel and retort, to what one of the greatest and most learned Americans has characterized as man's abiding necessity. "It is this free capital of mind," he says, "the world most stands in need of—this free capital that awaits investment in undertakings spiritual as well as material, which advance the race and help men to a better life." No man belongs to the free capital of mind who fails to develop the whole of him. Without a just and harmonious unfolding

of all his powers, he is only a mutilated edition of human nature.

However, Mr. Bryan's conclusion that these men are atheists or skeptics because they accept the hypothesis (which, by the way, as Doctor Fosdick has shown, is not just a guess, as the Commoner asserts) of evolution, is thoroughly unsound. They are what they are for the same reason that Mr. Bryan and all the rest of us are what we are: that is, they and we are one-sided, prejudiced, and only partially developed. "We talk a great deal," says a real thinker, "about being governed by mind, by intellect, by intelligence, in this boastful day of ours; but as a matter of fact, I don't believe that one man out of a thousand is governed by his mind. Men, no matter what their training, are governed by their passions, and the most we can hope to accomplish is to keep the handsome passions in the majority."

III

A third field for the mischief of Bryanism is politics. Herein does it execute some of its most absurd as well as its most serious capers. Not only Mr. Bryan (though perhaps he has had a broader experience in this field than most people), but a large majority of men and women, approach our political obligations with a kind of sixteen-to-one mental caliber, seasoned with the acrimony and side-stepping

of an Article X debate. Or, in plain English, our much discussion has not really hinged upon a principle at all; we are almost entirely interested in approving or disapproving a person. Our loud affirmation of principles consists very largely in the readjustment of our personal prejudices. National policy, after all, may be only a stalking-horse to run over a man. In doing this, we exhibit on a national scale the capacity which George Meredith attributes to one of his characters. "She had the art," he says, "of charging permissible words with explosive meanings." Only, it should be added, we strain our ears to catch the full roar of the explosion, let the meaning be what it will. Thus, while warmly discussing aspects of political action during the past three years, now and then somewhat distantly approaching a principle in our purblind wanderings, we have been constantly and invariably aware of a person. Lodge's "Down-with-Wilson!" at Chicago struck the keynote of our political and national psychology at the psychological moment. Subtle and yet tremendous forces of jealousy and hatred, confined to no class and to no political party, but permeating all classes and parties, had been in operation before the Chicago convention; but that was the hour when all the politically disgruntled and the insanely jealous began to have their day. And what a day! And, also, what a company of political bed-

fellows America has entertained during this stygian night of partisan, myopic Bryanism!

Never, surely, since the planet came out of the firemist, did such a motley gathering of human beings crawl into such a political bed and emit such snores of patriotism! Politics do indeed make strange bedfellows, but never did the stars in their courses gaze upon such a strange lot as managed to pile into this infamous and historic political bed. Just one glance through the door, gentle reader, and you will speedily pass on a sadder if not a wiser man. Behold Lodge and Bryan cheek to cheek and snore to snore: behold the out-and-out Hun clasped in the loving embrace of the dyed-in-the-wool-America-first Republican; behold the ruby-cheeked son of Erin, in the normalcy of things a stickler for dollars and doings Democratic, snuggling up to that stalwart Roosevelt Republican, James Roscoe Day; behold those goldenly greased machines, Thompsonism of Chicago and Murphyism of New York, grinding out their anti-Wilsonian music in the contented ear of the Honorable James Beck—he of "The Passing of the New Freedom" fame; yea, behold, and take a parting glance at "the whole damned crew"—to borrow a Miltonic phrase—German, Irish, Italian, French, Republican, Democrat, Progressive, Socialist, Bolshevik, Anarchist, seasoned with George Sylvester Viereck's "Hymn of Hate!" And then say, whether the

bed of Procrustes, with its occupant duly "trimmed" in the matter of length, long or short, ever slept such a motley, fantastic, international group of amalgamated American patriots! Yet, do linger just one moment longer, I beseech you, and hear these holy patriots talk in their sleep! "Down with Wilson!" —this is the phlegmatic night-call of Lodge and Harvey answered by the myopic duet sleep-call of Beck and Viereck—"Down with Wilson!"

Once there was a man by the name of Athanasius. Whether rightly or wrongly, wisely or foolishly, he had the good fortune to cause somebody to invent the phrase: "Athanasius Against the World!" It would seem to mark the one suggestive thing in the meanest, most stupid, most vitriolic, most unreasonable, most un-American period of American history. For it has been and still is: *"Woodrow Wilson Against the World!"* No loftier tribute, I think, could be paid to that victorious man. He looms up as the one sublime success in a world of dismal failure. He is not coming back. Providential men do not come back. They wait upon the High Hills of Tomorrow for the backward to climb up to their heights; and when the stragglers have reached their clear and lofty summits, behold! the prophets they stoned are not there! Already they have pushed on ahead! On and forever on they follow the Gleam! Slowly—very slowly—the struggling multitudes shed

their poisoned Nessus-robe of hate and misunderstanding. They, too, lured on by the Light that never was, on sea or land, begin to pursue the ideals for which it is sometimes harder to agonizingly and disappointedly live than it is to quickly and tragically die. But Bryanism, whether in religion, or education, or politics, is painfully slow to grasp this truth.

VI

A Letter to "Main Street"

EDITOR *Big Sandy News*:—Inasmuch as I was among the disappointed ones, I have it in my heart to set down some afterthoughts concerning the memorable centennial and home-coming week recently celebrated by the dearest town in the world. But these afterthoughts are after only in the sense that they are being written after the golden week; they have been entertained and thought through before. It is not too much to say that they fairly haunted me when memory was especially quickened by the events which were crowded into the week itself. I had hoped that it might be convenient for our efficient committee to set the date in September rather than August, as I had an engagement of a year's standing for the latter month. At one time it seemed possible for me to come anyway, and I was just ready to wire the program committee, asking for the privilege of a sermon appropriate to the occasion. But the tide of events turned against me. Nevertheless, I did come home in spirit, though my bodily presence was detained at a distance of a thousand miles.

I

My first afterthought centers about the *Big Sandy News* and its remarkably fine memorial number. Having been a printer's devil myself, and knowing something of stoking the fires of energy necessary to getting out an average newspaper, I was profoundly impressed with the skill and toil, both mental and mechanical, which went into the making of an edition that will be long treasured by every loyal Louisaian. The work of going over the files of the *News* for many years past that we might have a kind of historic moving picture film in personal and general references, was immense. As the edition unrolled its glowing pages before my admiring eyes and grateful heart, I felt like shouting, not merely, "Big Sandy Against the World," but: *"The Big Sandy News* Against the World!"

Nor can I resist adding, in this connection, that I am heartily proud to have begun life, even before the "teen" age was upon me, in the printing office of the *Big Sandy News.* I count those among the happiest days of a happy life. Even the memory of the enthusiasm with which I pursued those influential and formative years as devil, printer, foreman and assistant manager is of the essence of pure delight. Should I live to be a centenarian, no day will stand out more clearly in mental perspective than that first

morning when the Editor set me to sorting "pi." It was a radiant Monday morning. On the previous Saturday or Sunday—I am not sure which—Uncle Henry Sullivan told me that arrangements had been made for me to begin work the following Monday; that I was to receive one dollar per week for six months; that I was to come and live at Grandmother Sullivan's and pay my board by carrying up the coal and kindling from certain rather dark regions, as my boyish imagination pictured them, under that dear old brick house, now long level with the dust, but which will ever be synonymous with an exceedingly happy childhood. Such a grandmother, and such kind-hearted, indulgent uncles it would be hard to surpass! To have been enriched with a noble parentage—that is something to be everlastingly thankful for; and then to have had this supplemented by such additional parental hearts—why, it makes one feel, with Wordsworth, that vows had been taken for him, indeed.

But getting a job with the *News* and a place to stay did not solve the whole of the problem confronting me. It was also necessary to obtain my father's consent. Having reached the rather callow age of twelve years, it is quite possible that I did not go about this phase of the matter very diplomatically. At any rate, on going out home Sunday afternoon and telling my father of the new realms of inviting

adventure awaiting me in the form of a printer's devil, I found him decidedly unfavorable. Yet, as everybody knows, he had a soul of velvet under an apparently harsh exterior. His children knew this both by instinct and experience and habitually took advantage of it. So, having gotten my meager belongings together in a kind of improvised knapsack; and realizing, moreover, that my bare feet and the open gate might see me safely through the danger zone of switches that were frequently threatened and rarely applied, I made for the dusty road, the town hill, and the land of my dreams—which happened to be the old red brick clerk's office in the court house square.

All these hopes and fears, mark you, were pressed into that fateful Sunday. So eager was I to enter my career of deviltry that I slept little that night. Consequently, Monday morning found me up before the dawn and Captain Freese's most alert roosters. Taking up my position on the Main Street stile of the old fence surrounding the court house, I began a long period of "watchful waiting." Now, to be perfectly frank, and in the interest of keeping this record straight,—and moreover, if hard pressed, I could subpœna Miss Willie Burgess that was as a material witness in the case—in those days the Editor of the *Big Sandy News* was not up as early on Monday and Thursday mornings as on other morn-

ings of the week. Hence my waiting from about four a. m. until sometime between eight and nine a. m. At the time, of course, I was blissfully unaware of the reason for this somewhat tardy appearance of the Editor on Monday morning. But we learn much in the come and go of the years. Past midlife now, I have concluded that from the days of Helen of Troy down to this good hour, young men have been inclined to reach their places of business rather late on Monday mornings; and if all the young men in history have been as fortunate as those following the unwritten but very effective laws of Louisa's social code—inasmuch as Wednesday evening happens to precede Thursday morning —the latter may likewise be included in this observation!

Two outstanding days of these seven or eight years have marked themselves in my memory quite definitely. One was the late Thursday afternoon when the Editor and Mart Conley (no "devil" ever had a better foreman than he!) concluded that I was physically sturdy enough to "ink" that queer little old Army press. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime! I can feel the effects of that enchanting experience after more than thirty years. My self-importance took on such obvious dimensions that the Editor, foreman, Boyd Ferguson, Jeff Wilson, Ben Strachan—as well as John Stewart, Milt

Burns, Noll Garred, John Ratcliffe, and Arthur Hughes, who often came in to "josh" me—must have had serious doubts of the future capacity of my hatband!

The other unforgettable day was that Thursday, some years later, when the *News* came out, bearing this significant line in the upper left-hand corner of the editorial page:

Fred Shannon, Asst. Manager.

Well, I don't know how John D. felt when he became the richest man in the world; or how E. J. Buffington—another Big Sandian almost!—felt when he was chosen President of the Illinois Steel Company; or how Woodrow Wilson felt when, as the late Joseph Choate says, the great President produced state papers than which there have been no greater since the foundation of our government. But this I do know—not one could have felt any bigger than I did on that historic day when mankind were appraised of the fact that Fred Shannon was henceforth assistant manager of the *Big Sandy News!* If we are really no bigger than we feel, I was vastly bigger on that day three decades ago than I am this morning.

Quite seriously, however, those were deeply fortunate days for me. In the first place, I was enamored of the printing business. William Morris, poet,

decorator, and translator of the Icelandic sagas, once exclaimed: "Would God He had made me a printer from my mother's womb!" Possessing not even a vestige of the Englishman's artistic genius, yet my early love of typesetting and the printing art has given me a slight appreciation of the ardor glowing through his words, which were thrust into my memory many years ago. In the second place, no lad was ever more fortunate in his employer. Naturally, by virtue of appreciation if not by any personal contribution on my own part, I have continuously enjoyed a large share of the success which has justly crowned our local newspaper's handsome career!

Here I have rambled along too much already, and only one "afterthought" has been exposed, while there are very many more in the background! "Space is as nothing to spirit" is excellent poetry; but "space," as reckoned by editors, cannot be measured by such intangible rods. However, I am going to ask for room for one other afterthought, even though it may have to be run "solid." (Ed. Spencer, at least, does not need an interpreter for this shop talk!)

II

The other thought relates to the spiritual phase of the centennial and homecoming week. I do not use the term in any narrow or exclusive sense, but

rather in its inclusive and enriching content. As a matter of fact, the joy of the homecoming lifts the spiritual feature into high and beautiful relief. It reminds us that human beings are chiefly moved and ruled by noble sentiment, which is essentially spiritual. And once we have set our feet upon this path, how quietly and surely our best memories turn to the Christian Church, and those who were and are fellow-helpers in the Kingdom of God. Take the churches out of Louisa during these hundred years, and what a different homecoming it would have been! Indeed, one wonders if the town would have survived its hundred summers and winters at all? For even the people who never enter a church would be the first to move away from a churchless town.

Yet all this is rather negative, when my heart is filled with positive gratitude to those who were "found faithful" in the days of my childhood and youth. One of the first and best teachers I ever had was Hannah Lackey. I have reminded that heroic soul more than once of my somewhat informal matriculation into her classes in the Masonic Hall. When the bell rang on that first morning of my school days, I rushed in with a company of other little savages and preëmpted the first convenient seat. After much tribulation, she mastered the noise, organized her classes, and got down to business.

Things were going along famously, when lo! the organized stillness was broken by the most ear-splitting and shrillest of whistles! With a sort of Lord Kitchener judgment seat in her face, Hannah calmly asked: "Will the boy who made that noise please stand up?" Evidently thinking that school was a place in which to display one's ability in producing the loudest noise, and proudly convinced that I deserved a reward, I promptly stood up. Summoned to the teacher's desk, I was told to remain standing. Somehow, in the stress of her work, the teacher forgot to countermand her order in due season and I just kept on standing. Now, standing on your feet, after a little, becomes quite irksome. Then follows a period of shifting the weight from one foot to the other. That, too, after a while, fails to give the desired relief. To make a long story short, when the kindly teacher's attention was attracted by the suppressed whining of the very tired human midget behind her, she dried his tears and sent him back to his seat. So far as I recall, that was the first and last time that I ever turned the atmosphere of a schoolroom into a shrill, whistling screech!

I think of other teachers, too—Davis Holt, now an honored minister of the Gospel, John Hibbard, R. C. McClure, W. D. O'Neal and Doctor G. W. Wroten, who, though I was too young to be in his classes, in later years exerted a most helpful influence

over me, as he did over a host of others. Two teachers leaving a distinct impression upon the public schools of Louisa were Professors Anderson and Welch. I was working in the printing office during their time, but participated in the Friday evening debating society which they organized and fostered. Jay Burton, Will O'Neal, John Akers, Professors Anderson and Welch and myself were the ring-leaders of these weekly talkfests. Once Uncle Will Moore—the very thought of him is like delicious fragrance rising from October gardens!—was present when I had a declamation on Joan of Arc. Uncle Will was nothing if not movingly appreciative, and no doubt placed a much higher estimate upon my youthful effort than it deserved. Nevertheless, his enthusiastic commendation gave me a taste of the joy of moving people by the power of speech.

It is evident by this time that I intend keeping the schools and churches together. These two great institutions properly belong together, in no formal and sectarian manner, to be sure, but by the far deeper and more vital ties of shaping and creative ideals they nourish. Any education that is not inspired by Christian principles becomes a curse and ultimately pulls down the house of civilization in ruins. Therefore, one can scarcely overestimate the religious tragedy of a nation that fails to inculcate

the spirit and teachings of Christ in the training of its youth.

Turning from the schools to the churches, I recall some of the ministers to whom I am greatly indebted. Among these were the Revs. Cook, Cox, Simpson, Hiner, Jolly, Williamson, French, Reid, Switzer, and, in a special sense, Rev. John Hampton and Rev. Ernest Robinson. And then when one turns from the clergy to the laity—those lovely, cultured, consecrated souls who are spiritual jewels in Louisa's crown of rejoicing—there is simply not space to mention all of them! Where would the ending be were one to begin expatiating on his indebtedness to those who blessed and inspired his boyhood and later years? I think of such families as the Wallaces, Northups, Stewarts, Borders, Waldecks, Laynes, Yateses, Burchetts, Snyders, Burgesses, Burnses, Castles, Freeses, Conleys, Sullivans, Thomases, O'Briens, Gunnells, Lackeys, Vinsons, Garreds, Billupses, McClures, and—well, is it not a fragrant human lane that has no turning? Plainly, one is confronted by a process of elimination; therefore, I am going to speak of one or two concretely and in particular. They will serve as specimens. Thus held up, Louisa may paraphrase the words of the Mother of the Gracchi: "These are *some* of my jewels!"

The first is Uncle Roll Burns. Among my earliest memories is the unfading picture of him as Super-

intendent of our Sunday School. He was one of the best any school ever had, I know. Lovable, devout, familiar with the Bible, and gloriously faithful, he wrought himself into our affections. One of his outstanding qualifications for that high office was his deep-down love of little children, young men and maidens. I am still keenly aware of the fine ecstasy that fairly possessed him as he worked in the school. He had a sweet, mellow voice for singing, and he used it as one who sang with the spirit and the understanding. Somehow, in thinking of Uncle Roll, there comes to mind an incident in the life of the great Lister. In one of the children's hospitals in which he practiced, one little tot, says his biographer, was asked what he thought of the great surgeon. "Oh," exclaimed the child, "every time he comes in he just seems to be looking for a little head to pat!" How many little heads Uncle Roll managed to pat! And in that gentle, kindly pat did he not leave something akin to sweet apostolic memories for some of us who are still climbing, however falteringly, the upward way? The summer before he went away, I took him for a little drive about town and out into the country. On returning home, and just before getting out of the car, he said: "Fred, I want the Lord Jesus to be able to say, 'Roll, there is something that you can still do for Me down in Louisa that no one else can do, and I'm depending on you to do it.' "

Little wonder that the dear man of God kept his spiritual greenness until he slipped away into "the Land of Beginning Again!" I shall never be able to fully discharge my indebtedness to Uncle Roll. As I have gone over the country telling "the old, old story," his name and influence have wound through it like a lovely song that sometimes steals unbidden into the music that comes only in dreams.

The other character is a woman—and still in the flesh, I am thankful to say! We are in the habit of reserving most of our good things to say about the dead. This habit has got itself coined into such phrases as, "Speak kindly of the dead." One has no quarrel with the fitness thus suggested; the criticism comes by way of contrast in the fact that we refuse to the living those tokens of lovingkindness which we lavish all too freely upon silent forms and faces. Long ago I resolved to spend more time in making garlands for the living and less time in botanizing over graves grown rank with flowers of regret. I believe that the thing is Christian, and I know it to be goldenly rewardful.

High up in any list of the great women it has been my privilege to know, the names of my Grandmother, Mrs. C. C. Sullivan and Mrs. F. T. D. Wallace, must inevitably appear. What I owe to the first by inheritance and training, and to the second by inspiration and example, is far more than can be

put into words. Of the many generous characterizations in your centennial number, Mr. Editor, there was none truer than this: "Louisa has no more highly prized citizen than Mrs. Wallace." The fact is, I could take your words as a text and write a three-column sermon on Christian citizenship, without so much as moving my position one foot farther back from the resounding shore of Lake Michigan. I would guarantee to prove that if the average citizenry of Louisa and the world measured up to the standard attained by that elect lady, several thousand preachers in America would be forced to look for other jobs! When I recall some of the crowned queens of history, and then set alongside them this and other uncrowned queens of Louisa, I seem to get a new understanding of Christian queenliness. Spontaneously do the Master's words spring up in the heart: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Just a word concerning our little colony of Louisaians here in Chicago. Mrs. Doctor Funk and her daughter, Pauline, are well known and helping the world along. As to my neighbor and boyhood friend, Luther Walter, were we not all proud to have him bring back home such a splendid edition of manhood? He is one of our big, upstanding lawyers and citizens. It is not for me to say how much Luther owes to his noble wife, but I fancy that

he would say: "Everything that's good!" Do you wonder that I am happy to have such homefolk near by?

III

And now, truly, was not the homecoming greatly worth while? What friendships were refreshed! What acquaintances renewed! What eloquent bygones recalled! What memories transfigured and reverently deepened! What vanished faces kept coming tenderly near! What defeats forgotten, what victories glorified! These were among the thoughts that continued winging and singing in the soul of one who was far away and yet constantly near during Old Home Week. I measure my words when I say that such a feeling and atmosphere as were there generated and manifested is one of the supremely deep needs of the whole world. Suppose such a feeling of fellowship and friendliness should descend like an atmosphere upon our own and other nations. I tell you it would do more toward solving mankind's tremendous problems than all the patched-up social quackeries, national cunning and political cleverness can ever hope to accomplish. Every movement worth while must be fed upon the vitalities of good-will. "Interest," said Woodrow Wilson, in his great Manchester speech, "does not bind men together; interest separates men. There is only one

thing that can bind people and that is a common devotion to right." And how can this common devotion to right be exalted, lifted up to great heights of highmindedness and unselfish beauty, save in the sweet, clear, sunny atmosphere of the soul's homecomings and fellowships?

Therefore, more and more as the years run swiftly away, one Louisaian is highly resolved to tell men and women of every creed, color, nation, and politics, that the only solution of right-living and happiness in this or any other world is that given by our Lord and Master. It is close at hand, eager to be tried, and as sure to win as the tides run in and out at the moon's mysterious call. When statesmen learn that the Kingdom of God is bigger and more important than nationality, and the sole secret of all true nationality; that fraternity is fairer and more efficient than blind partisanship; that right-doing is more to be desired than getting back to the state houses of London, Washington, Paris, or Berlin; that, in the long run, it is the highest wisdom to practice righteousness and turn away from iniquity—why, the world itself shall then feel the thrill of such a fellowship as throbbed through Louisa's homecoming week. But let us not forget that the vast majority of our leaders are precisely what we want them to be. Now and then there are sublime exceptions—a Washington, a Lincoln, and a Wilson point us to

the uplands whether we follow them or not. But in these white-hot modern years, when history is being made so fast that it cannot be written, mankind cannot subsist upon its unique exceptions. How imperative, therefore, that the vision of the average man and woman should be cleanly Christian. For if our citizenship becomes Christian, it will drive from public life, with a whip of cords knit of righteous thongs, every time-serving politician who dares defy its commands and better instincts. What a mountain-high responsibility rests upon the citizens of America this very hour, when war-clouds again blacken the horizon of the world! If, after all, they should be woven out of the treacherous shreds of our international phariseeism, the Lord have mercy upon us! We may nonchalantly say that it is none of our business. Nevertheless, righteousness, judgment, and doom do not pause to parley with our smug and ignorant self-satisfactions. Once the conditions of the law of "the sudden leap" have been fulfilled, they descend as swift as lightning and as irrevocable as death; and in their wake there is the desolating evidence of ruined cities and mounded wheatfields. And all because Jerusalem knew not the day of her visitation!

If these more sober reflections are a part of my expression of gratitude and devotion to the town of my childhood and youth, it is because I there learned

that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The years have taught me that this unbendable law is not merely individual, but social, industrial, political, national, and international as well. That is why I pray the spirit of homecoming may come sweetly home to every heart in the wide, wide world. Therein is hope for despair; forgiveness for hatred; love for misunderstanding; peace for storm and fury. It is God's way of bringing Heaven to earth and of lifting earth up to Heaven. There is no other. Then why should we not begin again, and right where we are? Tell me, all ye who have been a part of these hundred years, some of whom have increased in goods and attained what we call worldly success,—tell me if, in journeying about the world, you have come upon any words so big with hope and wonder and fruition as these: "Verily, I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Consider that here is the secret of all true genius: It is just the art of carrying the spirit of childhood, with its simplicity, its freshness, its trustfulness, its forgiveness, into the outlooks and purposes of mature life. And this is what I am going to tell that great congregation assembled from many states and countries and walks and stations, in Central Church next Sunday morning. One does not have to go anywhere in quest of the Angel of Happiness; he is

standing upon our own doorsills pleading to be let in. Then is it not yours and mine, O friend, simply to open the door and let in our waiting Angel that we may experience the joy of our own deeper home-coming? And however imperfectly I tell the story to that great throng, I shall accusingly feel that I might have done better because I had in dear old Louisa such a happy childhood; because there my loved ones either live or sleep; because there life's richest friendships began and continue; and because I think Pine Hill Cemetery as good a spot to hear the golden tones of the Angel of the Resurrection as any bit of God's Acre in the wide, wide world. Wherefore, as we begin the second century of Louisa's career, let us think much of "The Child in Me," so wondrously sung by May Riley Smith:

"She follows me about my House of Life,
(This happy little ghost of my dead Youth!)
She has no part in Time's relentless strife,
She keeps her old simplicity and truth—
And laughs at grim Mortality,
This deathless Child that stays with me—
(This happy little ghost of my dead Youth!)

My House of Life is weather-stained with years—
(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay.)
Its windows are bedimmed with rain of tears,
The walls have lost their rose, its thatch is gray.
One after one its guests depart,
So dull a host is my old heart.
(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay!)

For jealous Age, whose face I would forget,
Pulls the bright flowers you bring me from my hair
And powders it with snow; and yet—and yet
I love your dancing feet and jocund air.
I have no taste for caps of lace
To tie about my faded face—
I love to wear your flowers in my hair.

O Child in Me, leave not my House of Clay
Until we pass together through the Door,
When lights are out, and Life has gone away
And we depart to come again no more.
We comrades who have traveled far
Will hail the Twilight and the Star,
And smiling, pass together through the Door!"

VII

Henry Ward Beecher

THE outstanding dates in Beecher's life are as follows: He was born in Litchfield, Ct., June 24, 1813; he graduated from Amherst College in 1834, and from Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, O., in 1837; he was ordained at the Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Ind., having supplied the church from May, 1837, to November 9, 1838; he was installed at Indianapolis July 31, 1839; he was dismissed from Indianapolis September 19, 1847; he was installed at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, October 10, 1847; he died in the same city March 8, 1887.

Thus, within these dates lived and wrought this dateless man; for Beecher is like an immense opal. One has to view him from many angles to get anything like an adequate measurement of his colossal, innate genius. As of the precious stone, so of his many-sided personality—with each new turning some hitherto unrevealed splendor breaks out. His genius contains so many facets that he stands quite apart from ordinary mortals. And it is this very profuseness of his nature that makes it so hard to

write satisfyingly, dispassionately, and at the same time proportionately, of him. Almost a generation ago, Doctor Thomas Armitage said: "Mr. Beecher will be better understood in coming generations than in this, for now, to a certain extent, the universality of his work hides his universal success."

I

It is a singular fact that both Lyman Beecher, the father, and Henry Ward Beecher, the son, were bereft of their mothers in infancy. The elder Beecher's mother—a woman "of a joyous, sparkling, hopeful temperament"—died of consumption two days after his birth. Lyman was a seven-months' child, and when the woman attending his mother saw what a puny creature he was, little effort was made to keep the future theologian alive; indeed, he was actually bundled up and put aside. At last a woman, urged by the curiosity innate in her kind, peeped in to see if the infant were still breathing. Discovering signs of life, she compassionately remarked: "It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother." Fortunately, the verdict of history is against her! Thinking of those far-off, mystic beginnings, Lyman Beecher said: "So you see it was but by a hair's-breadth that I got a foothold in this world." Yet these hair's-breadth affairs are transactions of no small moment, considering that God hangeth the earth upon *nothing*. Not once nor twice

in this fair world's story, has the hair's-breadth cause paled down to the vanishing point only to uncover the clear-shining purposes of destiny. This seems to be emphatically true of the Beechers; for, if the Something behind the best-laid schemes of mice and men and fate, had not been silently but tremendously active in caring for that New England Moses, tucked in his ark of flannels and set adrift on the Nile of being, all history could not have rallied to the speculative question of Henry Ward Beecher: *"Father, if you had not been, where would I be?"* And echo answers: *"Where?"*

Happily, however, there is no need of wasting time over such a conundrum. Breaking out of his infant flannels, Lyman Beecher went in due time to his Uncle Lot Benton's farm in North Guilford. Intending to make a farmer of young Beecher, Mr. Benton introduced him to a plow drawn by oxen never designed to solve the problem of either perpetual or rapid motion. Plowing fifteen acres three times over in one summer tended to foment rebellion in the coming reformer's soul. He did not feign madness as did Ulysses while plowing his celebrated semi-cloven-hoof team; but his uncle and father were so impressed by his dissatisfaction and restlessness, that they decided to send him to school in preparation for Yale College. More than once the great Lyman Beecher said: "Oxen sent me to col-

lege." What an excellent sacrifice they made upon the altars of theology, and what a gracious ministry they accomplished for their day and generation!

Like his father, Henry Ward Beecher was also left motherless in early childhood, being but three years old when his mother died. And while he was nobly fathered, he was magnificently, gloriously mothered. Notwithstanding the strong traits of their sires, one ventures nothing in the assertion that both Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher owed their largest and most dynamic qualities to the mothers that labored them into life. In Beecher's mother, Roxana Foote, there was a beautiful union of those intellectual and spiritual powers which fitted her to mother more genius than is usually allotted to a single woman; and when her gifts were married to those of Lyman Beecher, it is not strange that their children should have such extraordinary endowments as to cause Boston to make a new classification of the human race, viz., "The good, the bad, and the Beechers." More than a half a century ago a college literary society debated the question: "Which is father of the most brains, old Mr. Burleigh or old Dr. Beecher?" Old Doctor Beecher won the day, of course.

Of his mother, Beecher said: "There are few women born into this world that are her equals. She was a woman of extraordinary graces and gifts; a

woman not demonstrative, with a profound philosophical nature, of a wonderful depth of affection, and with a serenity that was simply charming. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament; from her also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of woman? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years, I could not express what seems to me to be the least I owe to her. Three years old was I when singing she left me and sung on to Heaven, where she sings evermore. I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago—faint, evanescent; and yet, caught by imagination, and fed by that which I have heard of her and by what my father's thought and feeling of her were, it has come to be so much to me that no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember." Studying while she spun flax, with her books tied to the distaff, Roxana Foote became well read in literature and history, was acquainted with the progress of science, which was just then beginning to interest scholars, learned to write and speak the French language fluently, accompanied her voice on the guitar, used pencil and brush in painting portraits upon ivory, was an adept in the arts of the needle,

and was so skillful in all manner of handicraft that in coming years "neither mantua-maker, tailoress, or milliner ever drew on the family treasury."

These, then, were the parental strains from which Henry Ward Beecher sprang—strains that wrought powerfully in producing this big, vital, capacious human. For let it be said at once that one of the outstanding characteristics of Beecher, and one of the secrets of his many-sided genius, was his comprehensive, thoroughgoing, palpitant human quality. There was in him a tug of the cosmic, a touch of the human, a tone of the divine. In a letter written when he was seventeen months old, his mother has left a cameo of which his seventy-five years were a continuous enlargement. "I write," she says, "sitting upon my feet with my paper on the seat of a chair, while Henry is hanging round my neck and climbing on my back." Hanging about the neck of the mother-wonders of life, climbing over the backs of the never-old, ever-young mysteries of human existence—that is what Beecher did for more than three quarters of a century. After their mother's funeral, the Beecher children were told at one time that she had been put under the ground, at another that she had gone to Heaven. Putting the two things together, Henry decided to dig through the ground and go to find her. One morning he was found under a window of the parsonage, digging with all

the might his three years could command. Asked what he was doing, he lifted his curly, golden head and replied: "Why, I am going to Heaven to find ma!" And all his life long he was putting severed things together—now great thought-facts which seemed, in the minds of average folk, to be entirely unrelated; now knitting up human and divine realities, showing their essential correlation; now bringing together nations and sections, sundered by half-views of whole principles; now uniting individuals, blinded by prejudice or misunderstanding. A binder-up of the needlessly separated—that is what this infant grave-digger, smiting the tombs of life's buried mysteries with childlike simplicity and invasive faith, will give the strength of his manhood's years to accomplishing.

Now his vast, inborn human sympathies did much toward making so large a place in the world for him. Even as a chubby, bare-footed, rosy-faced four-year-old, battling with the alphabet in Widow Kilbourne's Litchfield school, he saw and did things behind Webster's spelling-book which made his tell-tale face a strong witness for the prosecution. Going in the morning to school, Harriet, Henry, and Charles would string out along the village street like Brown's cows coming home at milching time. Holding each other by the hand, morning by morning they let fall from their wondering lips, as a kind of manna feed-

ing childhood's imagination, this hair-raising question: "What if a great big dog should come out at us?" Invariably Henry Ward, with the big-bow-wowishness of a full-grown Sancho Panza, would make answer: "I would take an ax and chop his head off!" What a pity that George Washington's hatchet was not firmly clutched in his bloodthirsty hand!

About this time he wrote a letter which, if it fails to exhibit the politeness of Chesterfieldian epistles, has certain elements of originality in spelling which might have made its author a forerunner of the phonetic method. A facsimile is preserved by his biographers, showing the large, heavily shaded, firmly printed letters. An effort is here made to reproduce only the spelling and composition:

"Der Sister
We ar al wel
Ma haz a baby
The old sow haz six pigs."

Beecher's was nothing if not an observant nature, and this letter is proof positive that the gift did not wait for development until late in life.

From childhood he was soon going the ways of a healthy New England boyhood. Nobody was particularly interested in his future, for the very good reason that there was nothing in his present that even hinted a distinguished future. He was awk-

ward, dull, a bad writer, a terrible speller, deficient in verbal memory, with a thick speech, and a bashful reticence bordering upon stupidity. That he would ever make an orator was a possibility so remote that it did not tinge the realm of future probabilities to those about him. His aunt said: "When Henry is sent to me with a message, I always have to make him say it three times. The first time I have no manner of an idea more than if he spoke in Choctaw; the second I catch a word now and then; by the third time I begin to understand."

But wait! Many things are going on under the sod these winter days no eye can see. The mystery of next April's violets; the splendor of wheat-waving meadows; the green of June valleys and mountains; the gold of autumn cornfields—ten thousand mystic stirrings and upward strivings and fragrant bloomings are potential in the frozen clods of January. So, also, this stupid New England lad is full of unimagined wonders, is packed with undreamed possibilities, is planted with seeds of vision, eloquence, moral power and spiritual insight which will one day break forth upon the world and make it exclaim: "Behold, what hath God wrought!"

In truth, two boys were already imprisoned within the stout, stocky body of this youth. Over against the mischievous, frolicsome, prank-playing, fun-loving, book-dull boy stands a youth of exquisite

delicacy, velvet tenderness, and winsome shyness. Even now he is watching things grow out in the wonder-teeming world. He knows where the robin's nest is; he knows how the crow flies; he knows how the squirrel barks; he knows where the rabbit's hole is; he knows where the sweet flag is; he knows where the sassafras, the hickory, and the chestnut trees are; he knows how the wind sings through the trees, blowing the poplars white; he knows how the sky wooes the stream, and how the stream flirts back with its sky-lover in wind-blown kisses; he knows how the moon climbs to its silver tower above the Litchfield hills and valleys, spreading a mantle of old gold across their enchanted loveliness; he knows how, when the green has gone, the invisible assassin named Autumn steals through the domes of the trees and stains their leaves with the innocent blood of Summer. Ah! he knows a number of things not set down in his blue-back spelling book; and he is working out several problems for which there are no answers in his yellow-back arithmetic.

A lover of Nature, he was not only passionately fond of, but a devoted student of human nature in its manifold expressions. Henry Ward Beecher was so natively, so grandly human in the noblest sense, that he was peculiarly qualified to interpret the divine to men. The seen and the unseen were wondrously intersphered in him. Uniting so perfectly in himself

the two foci of spiritual reality—the human and the divine—he spoke with unique authority of the things revealed by Him who spake as never man spake. He fulfilled Goethe's dictum that, if one would enter into the infinite, he must first of all go out to all points of the finite. From his childhood Beecher displayed an inclusive humanness that made him a veritable magnet, drawing all sorts and conditions of people within the zone of his personality. Did the pugnacious Boston Salem-Streeters need a captain to lead them against their doughty Prince-Street enemies? Lyman Beecher's eighth child is their chosen champion. Did the Freshmen class of Amherst College need a debater to defend them from the brow-beating Sophomores? Young Beecher, hearty, whole-souled, humorous, takes up the task. Did Cincinnati call for volunteer policemen in 1836, when the pro-slavery riots broke out? This Lane Seminary theologue turns policeman and patrols the streets night after night. Did the little church at Lawrenceburg need a sexton as well as a pastor, and did the pastor have a young wife and no parsonage? Very well. The pastor becomes sexton, and an abandoned loft over a stable becomes a home for the pastor-sexton and his young bride. Did the royal guild of beggars want help? One, three thousand dollars to lift the mortgage from his farm; a second—a distressed clergyman—wanted only a

thousand, offering as security the assurance that the Lord would repay it; a third, a school girl, requested a composition; a fourth, a seminary student, wished Beecher to write him a lecture he might deliver and from the proceeds thereof obtain a ministerial education; a fifth journeyed from a distant state, making the modest request that he adopt and educate her, and having spent all her means coming to see him, he had to buy her a ticket back home. And so the story goes. It is laughable, ridiculous, almost inconceivable.

Yet is it not an undisguised tribute to the brothering, opulently human quality in this man? Everybody—even his inveterate enemies—felt a kind of special ownership in him. He heard the newsboy's tale of sorrow; he listened to the merchant prince's unrequited yearnings; he turned the prodigal's back upon the far country and set him facing about homeward; he talked the look of despair from the Magdalene's shrunken cheek and lo! the lilies of virtue bloomed again; little children brought him flowers, wicked men brought him thorns, but to each and to all—the outcast, the forsaken, the forgotten, the scholar, the statesman, the teacher—he was so pregnantly, so radiantly human that an other-world melody wound through his speech, while the gentleness of his great soul warmed through his clasp. One afternoon I counted thirty-seven sparrows hop-

ping about on the sidewalk in front of Ward's statue of Mr. Beecher in City Hall Square. Just then a dog came running by, the little creatures were frightened and hastily flew away. Looking up to see what had become of them, I found that all but three had taken refuge on the head, shoulders, arms, and feet of Henry Ward Beecher's likeness in bronze. It is beautifully symbolical of the many frightened things —causes, institutions, and individuals—that sought and found refuge in the life of this most human-hearted man, who was at once passionately loved and desperately hated.

II

In 1863 Beecher wrote to Mrs. Stowe: "The will of the Republic is to be the law of the world." He believed this with all his soul; indeed, it is the key-note of as profound a patriotism as ever indwelt a great nature. Whether one agrees with his particular viewpoint or not, one is compelled to admire the depth and steadfastness of his conviction, burning with the rage and fury of an internal fire, just as fair-minded men are compelled to acknowledge the patriotic grandeur that shouldered Robert E. Lee to those august summits, whither the poisoned darts of obloquy can never reach.

Coming out of the Brooklyn City Hall one day with a friend, he pointed to Beecher's statue facing

us a few yards away, and said: "Look at him! He stands there as immovable as the foundations of the earth!" Now, in a fresh and somewhat comprehensive survey of Mr. Beecher's life, nothing has impressed me more profoundly than the absolute independence, the Gibraltar-like firmness which characterized his patriotic stand and activities preceding and following the Civil War. For in 1850 the man who dared lift his voice, even in the heart of the North itself, in favor of legislation against slavery, generally met with a reception as cold as if it had been conceived in an iceberg and tendered by residents of the polar regions. There were many reasons which fostered such an attitude on the part of Northerners. Well-grounded fears as to the possible outcome of an open rupture between the two sections; the depth and strength of ties uniting the descendants of the New World pioneers of Jamestown and Plymouth; the incapacity of the average man to appreciate a new epoch in history, even after it has dawned, and the world-old timidity born of a deep-seated conservatism; the disturbance of commercial values and the financial disasters involved in war—these, and other equally influential considerations, did not make a congenial atmosphere for one who opposed slavery as ardently as the most conscientious slaveholder upheld it. And yet, while the vast majority of his Northern brethren hedged and dodged,

Beecher dared speak out his inmost convictions. Not infrequently he spoke when his life was openly threatened. At Elizabeth City, New Jersey, the Copperheads declared they would kill him rather than permit him to speak. Amid indescribable uproar, Mr. Beecher entered the hall, advanced to the platform, and said: "Gentlemen, I have been informed that if I attempt to speak here tonight I am to be killed. Well, I am going to speak, and therefore I must die. But before you kill me, there is one request I have to make. All of you who are going to stain your hands in my blood just come up here and shake hands with me before you commit the crime, for when I die I shall go to Heaven, and therefore I shall never see any of you again." He spoke for two hours, talking the murder out of the hearts of desperate men.

Convinced of its own rights and the justness of its cause, the South had taken a position from which it could not be easily dislodged; its course was fixedly determined, and nothing could swerve it from the purpose animating its very being. On the contrary, there was no such definite and uncompromising program at the North. Henry Clay's Omnibus Bill, introduced in 1850, including the Fugitive Slave Laws, was as heartily approved in many sections of the North as in the South; and the same was true of Daniel Webster's speech on the 7th of March,

1850. But notwithstanding such mighties as Clay and Webster, Beecher wrote his famous paper on "Shall We Compromise?" for the *Independent* of February 21, 1850. As John C. Calhoun lay upon his sick bed, the article was read to him by his clerk. Raising himself up, the great statesman said: "Read that article again." When it was read again, he remarked: "The man who says that is right. There is no alternative. It is liberty or slavery." Even ten years later, and three days after Mr. Lincoln's election, the *New York Tribune,* the acknowledged organ of the Republican party, said: "If the cotton states decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. . . . We hope never to live in a Republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."

This, then, was the situation Beecher faced in his own section of the Republic. Notwithstanding the efforts of agitators like John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison, there were vast areas of pro-slavery soil north of Mason and Dixon's line. And of all the men who broke up this fallow ground, sowing it with the seed of sentiment for the Union cause, not one takes precedence of Henry Ward Beecher. His untiring physical energy; his comprehensive grasp of principles; his inexhaustible resources of mind and soul; his fearless stand for the right as he saw it; his marvelous eloquence, abounding with

argument, invective, zeal, and persuasion, stamp him as one of the great patriots of history.

But it still remains to be said that the star of Beecher's patriotism climbed highest and shone brightest while he was sojourning in a foreign land. England's open and enthusiastic espousal of the cause of the Confederacy is well known. What might have been the course of history had the old mother taken up arms in favor of the southernmost of her warring children? With this question belongs another: What, in all human probability, kept England from turning her deep sympathy into practical help of the South? Henry Ward Beecher is the answer. Going to Europe for a much-needed rest in 1863, the pastor of Plymouth Church rendered immeasurable service to the Union cause. He did not go, as is sometimes averred, at the behest of either President or Cabinet, or any other Government official. Worn with the unremitting toil of many years, his Church simply sent him away to rest. He went purely as a private citizen; and upon arriving in England in July, 1863, he refused invitations to speak in Manchester and Liverpool, going on to the Continent. Returning to England the following September, he consented to speak in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on October 9th. Met at the station by two Northern sympathizers, they said to him: "Of course you know there is a great deal of excitement

here." Great placards, denouncing Beecher and the North, and printed in anarchic red, had been sown broadcast. Beecher said: "Well, are you going to back down?" "No," they replied, "but we didn't know how you would feel." "Well," he answered, "you will find out how I feel. I'm going to be heard. I won't leave England until I have been heard."

And he *was* heard—heard in Manchester, heard in Glasgow, heard in Edinburgh, heard in Liverpool, heard in London, heard clear around the world, heard to all coming generations. Measured by the tremendous odds against him and the venomous hatred manifested, by the opposition gradually overcome and the victory ultimately won, what other speeches, or what other eloquence, can stand alongside Henry Ward Beecher's patriotic addresses in England? They are verily without a parallel. Doctor William M. Taylor—and Scotchmen are not given to exaggeration—gave it as his deliberate and well-reasoned conviction that such eloquence as Beecher's has not been in the world since Demosthenes. Turn again to the Oration on the Crown, and consider that the old Greek was never really tried out as was this nineteenth century American by those howling, hissing, jeering English mobs; consider, furthermore, that in his English speeches every stop in the organ of eloquence was pulled out at some time or other, ranging all the way from pathos, hu-

mor, argument, sarcasm and defiance up to the sublimest expression of humanitarian principles, loftiest patriotism and religious zeal; and consider, finally, that measured by actual results, history holds no such victory won by the human tongue as was accorded to Mr. Beecher in England and Scotland. Joseph Parker says of the Manchester speech: "When Mr. Beecher appeared the scene baffled description; the cheering, stamping, clapping, shouting, and partial groaning, made the hall shake again. Mr. Beecher rose to speak, but the audience must needs cheer; once more he got to 'Mr. Chairman,' and once more the cheers rang out in wild and all but unanimous harmony. Mr. Beecher quickly caught the groans and hisses of a clique at the far end of the hall, and intuitively seizing the temper of his audience he laid aside his elaborate manuscript and went right at his work. For something like two hours he went on, making his triumphant but far from interrupted way through facts, statistics, policies, and arguments, without so much as referring to a memorandum. As an effort of memory, as an effort of the voice, and as a miracle of wisdom and good-nature, I never heard the equal of that massive and overwhelming oration. From that moment we knew the greatness of the cause, and we felt that its advocacy was in the strongest possible hands. There was life in every tone, so much so

indeed that the whole effort seemed to be part of the very battle which it described. Truly, it was no amateur eloquence; it was no attempt at scene-painting; it was a fight, a heroic onslaught, and, from my point of view, a victorious assault at arms."

In short, it was like kissing the lips of a blazing cannon; but he spiked the belching, flaming thing with his trumpet-toned speech. He found the throne against him; he found even that man who, in the estimation of many, is greater than any throne—William Ewart Gladstone—against him. But he triumphed over both, not only taming the fury of the British Lion, but actually *training* it to play the part of friend rather than enemy to his cause. No wonder Gladstone said of Beecher, the patriot: "To his undying fame the world and his memory stand in no need of witnesses."

III

"All the bells that God has put in my belfry shall ring!" One need hardly be told that the words are Beecher's own. But the amazing thing, in going about his belfry, is the number and tone-quality of the bells hanging therein. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was so impressed with this fact that he characterized Beecher as "the most myriad-minded man since Shakespeare." For one, I used to regard the statement as a bit of Spurgeonian exaggeration; but

a new appraisal of Beecher's mind has made me less skeptical, if it has not prepared me to altogether accept the English preacher's statement in its bald literalness. So varied were his gifts, and so deeply did they impress themselves upon men, that both critics and admirers have said that Beecher would have made a great author, a great politician, a great editor, a great lawyer, a great farmer, a great actor, a great anything—almost! He was an acknowledged expert in his judgment of horses, arboriculture, horticulture, precious stones, oriental rugs, and various other things. That he would have been great in all, or many of the departments mentioned, is largely a matter of speculation, while sober students deny any such probability. But that he was a great—a supremely great—Christian preacher, is all but universally admitted.

What, then, were the hidings of his power? In general, they are two: first, the *personality of the man;* and, second, *preaching upon great themes in a great way.*

Now, when an effort is made to define, to weigh, to measure personality, there is much straining after wind without unveiling the reality itself. Evidences we know, manifestations we see, but what is the *thing?* Modern chemistry makes heavy draughts upon the credulity of ordinary men in teaching that an ounce of matter contains enough of radiant energy

to lift ten thousand tons one mile. But the lifting power of a radiant personality is more wonderful still; its might, its spell, its riddle savors of that which lies behind all matter, whether done into systems, galaxies, and stars, or atoms, electrons, and ions. John says that one of the seven angels commissioned to show him the splendors of the Holy City had for a measure a golden reed; but the walls and gates, length and breadth of the holy city named a great human personality, with its fathomless river of life flowing through the midst of its streets of genius, refuses to yield its real dimensions to any reed, however golden. Astronomers say that that undiscovered planet beyond Neptune and Jupiter would have a year equal to a thousand of our earth-years, because it would require a thousand years to make its revolution round the sun. Thus with all its glow and near-at-hand brilliance, a vast human person remains a kind of undiscovered planet trembling on the confines of being. Who shall measure Plato, with the dim memories of eternity singing in his soul? Who shall measure Da Vinci, challenging the world to contest his superiority in painting, drawing, or chiseling? Who shall measure Shakespeare, the thousand-souled, or Goethe, the thousand-eyed? Who shall measure Mozart, hearing sounds it is not lawful to utter, and yet playing symphonies that lift the gates of melody off their hinges and let the floods

of music pour down all sides of the world? Truly, more than a golden reed is required for taking the dimensions of these mystic, metropolitan cities of Man-Soul. We can only say, as of John's city, that the glory of God is in them, and their light is like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal, and measureless as clear. One might as well attempt to photograph the quiver of last May's young grasses; or to preserve the fragrance of roses dead Junes ago; or to analyze the song of a mocking bird fluting in the sunset from the topmost twig of a Tennessee apple tree, as to measure the cryptic, indefinable, esoteric quality in lofty human personality.

But that Henry Ward Beecher possessed this nameless charm, this subtle something that emanates from distinguished souls, his worst enemies could not deny. Many went to scoff, and not infrequently to hiss and howl, who came away suggesting the ancient inquiry: "Is Saul also among the prophets?" To take a concrete illustration, an ex-Confederate soldier went with Rev. Frank Russell to hear Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church on a May Sunday evening in 1865. "Yes," said he, "I am going to hear Beecher, for I never saw him. It would do me good to take a rifle along and just send a bullet through him as he stands in the pulpit pretending to preach the Gospel. If some one had done it years

ago, the country would have been a heap better off, but now that his influence is all gone, I don't know but that he may as well live." Seated at last in the church, the speaker railed at the crowd packing the building, and even the building itself; railed at the organ, the style of the pulpit, and its furniture; railed even at the flowers that adorned it. Though the wonderful singing failed to conquer, the prayer rather subdued the rebellious auditor. Mr. Beecher prayed for those who carried bitterness in their hearts; for those who had been disappointed, and hurt, and defeated. The prayer over, a new look was on the man's face; but when the sermon was over, a new man walked out of the pew. Arm in arm, the two friends walked in silence to the ferry. The erstwhile recalcitrant was the first to speak. "I swear," said he, "I believe I have been most egregiously mistaken about that man." "No proposition was ever clearer to me," replied the other. "It don't seem put on," continued the first; "he seems to feel, and that deeply, everything he says." The next Sunday he requested an introduction to Mr. Beecher, heard him at every prayer meeting and preaching service during his stay in New York, and ever afterward, though two thousand miles away, he would not permit an unsavory word against the preacher whose "influence was all gone." But this is only typical of many cases. Families moving to New

York and Brooklyn from afar, and acquainted with Beecher only through slanderous newspaper reports, first went to Plymouth Church as to a menagerie. In due time, however, the expulsive power of his personal charm claimed them as enthusiastic friends. Then it was that his old neighbors humorously shrugged their shoulders, heaved an awful sigh, and exclaimed: "What? They, too, bewitched? What a fearful influence that man does exert!"

Like all men of the first order, Beecher the man was ever greater than his works. There are gifted men who are fully able to express themselves in their words and deeds; we somehow feel that their effects are easily as great as their causes; they lack the leonine strength of reserve power; they do not say: "What we have revealed to you is only a hint of the untapped energies lying behind." But this is what Dantes and Coleridges and Beechers always say: "You think our Infernos and Conversations and Sermons are grand; but O, what New Paradisos yet unsung, what Ancient Mariners yet unborn, what Sermons yet undelivered!" Now, Beecher possessed this unexplored, unexpressed self in a remarkable degree. Beecher never preached a sermon that was equal to Beecher. There was in him what David Swing characterized as an "inborn, vast genius"; what George William Curtis called "his exuberant vitality"; what John G. Whittier recognized as

"warm, tender, and irresistibly attractive"; what Atticus G. Haygood termed "so creative a mind and fascinating power"; what Haweis named a compound of Spurgeon, Bright, Maurice, and Robertson; what Richard Salter Storrs defined as "his power so constant and so vast, only because the sources of it were so manifold and so deep." In other words, Beecher was just Beecher. He was a kind of human cube—the length and the breadth and the height of him are equal. Guthrie was called the silver-tongued and Chrysostom the golden-mouthed. Now, Beecher's tongue was tipped with silver and his mouth was filled with gold; but the striking power of Beecher the organism is partly seen in this, as pointed out by a discriminating student: "He was never spoken of by his acquaintances as either a silver or a golden-tongued orator. It is not to disparage Guthrie or Chrysostom that each bears one of these appellations; but it is to indicate the wholeness and integral character of Mr. Beecher that his *eloquence must be spoken of as an effluence of his entire nature rather than the superb activity of some particular power.*" This phase of his character bulks so large, and illustrates so emphatically one of his many sources of power, that it is difficult to leave it without further development. But a few words more on this point from one of his letters must be sufficient: "Only a few days more and we shall

be on our way to Peekskill, where I will roll on the grass, frolic with the dogs, rejoice in the flowers, sit under the big pine tree and superintend laying out the road, and we will have a good time generally. But having had it I shall return to my church ready, happy and eager to resume my labors, and with a heart all the richer in love for it and my people for these few weeks of rest." Any man who can tumble in the grass, play with dogs, dream with flowers, nod under a spreading tree, boss the building of a new road, have a good time generally, and can at the same time draw this epigram from the greatest English preacher of his time, who is comparing him with Mr. Gladstone: "When Mr. Beecher concludes it is rather out of deference to custom or convenience than because the subject is exhausted"—that man, I say, has something—a vast, vital, inner opulence—which lifts him to the first rank of supreme personalities, nor is he unduly awkward in such high fellowship.

Still, a man may have a personality as unique as Shakespeare himself, and yet fail as a Christian preacher. A great authority in such matters has gone so far as to assert that a man may even speak with the eloquence of men and of angels, have the gift of prophecy, know all mysteries and all knowledge, and yet, lacking love, he may be but a lone, inflated cipher in the universe—simply nothing. Nor

is it otherwise with Christian preaching. Until a personality, however great, is colored, saturated, soaked in the inmost essence of the truths of God, man, and the universe as declared in Christ, he shall not stand in the Congregation of the Evangelists of Eternity. The upperworld facts and forces must meet and mingle in his own being, forming a holy majesty of society within his possessed and possessing personality, before he is that timeless, unearthly, and uniquely distinctive personage named a Christian preacher.

Here, then, we come upon the second secret of Beecher's power. His themes were many and varied, but his ruling ideas were splendidly limited. Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis, who has made a careful analysis of Mr. Beecher's seven hundred published sermons, collected out of fifty preaching years, and embracing doctrinal, philosophical, biographical, expositional, narrative and imaginative themes, tells me that Beecher's dominant ideas are really *four* in number, viz., the Suffering Love of God, the Deity of Christ, the Sanctity of the Individual, and Man's Immortality. Moreover, a critical study of his great predecessor has yielded Dr. Hillis this further conclusion: Every three years Beecher went the round of Christian truth and experience, treating the great epochs of the Christian life and covering the great themes—God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Man, his dig-

nity, his need, his ignorance and sinfulness, the nature, number, and order of the spiritual faculties, the method of quickening a sense of sin in men, the development of love, the growth of faith, and nourishing the hope of immortal life.

Notwithstanding, therefore, Beecher's variety of subjects and his myriad-minded treatment of them, I think that the contention that his overruling ideas, as given, is in the main just and true, and will be borne out by a comprehensive study of his sermons. It would be interesting and profitable to let Mr. Beecher speak upon his four regnant ideas for himself; but at least two things forbid—the limitation of space and my utter inability to choose wisely from such riches. I used to visit a friend, a Maiden Lane jeweler, for the purpose of admiring his precious stones. As he put out a single tray of opals, I was not unduly excited; but as he went on setting case after case of flashing gems before me, insisting that I should drink in the beauty of all, I was so intoxicated by their luster as to become esthetically dizzy. Instead of saying, "This particular amethyst, or pearl, or opal, or diamond is beautiful," I usually wound up with the prosaic statement: "It is time to go home." So, it is not poverty but wealth—boundless, amazing, overwhelming riches—that forbids our pulpit prince speaking for himself in this connection. Suffice it to say that the men in Christian

history who have visioned a holy, loving, suffering, sympathetic God; who have understood and interpreted the nature and mind of Christ; who have proclaimed the sanctity of the individual; who have set ringing the sweet chimes of immortal hope in the hearts of men, equal to that of Henry Ward Beecher, are considerably less than the number of centuries which have come and gone since the angels sang above the Cradle in Bethlehem. Of Christ he said: "I put my soul into His care, even as when I was born, my father put me into the arms of my mother. He is the only God I know."

VIII

Phillips Brooks

IN searching out the foundations of the greatness of Phillips Brooks, we must reckon with his ancestry. For he nobly fulfilled the saying of Holmes, that a man, in order to be great, must select his parents two and a half centuries before his birth. On the Phillips side, we can trace Brooks' ancestry back for nine generations. And they are a great people. We find in them a fine blending of thrift, uprightness, intellectualism, and spirituality. The eighth generation flowered out in the beauty of a character rarely equaled in the person of Mary Ann Phillips, the mother of Phillips Brooks. In spiritual passion and sacrificial devotion, she ranks with the great mothers of all time. In spiritual-mindedness, she recalls the mother of Saint Augustine, of John Wesley, of Horace Bushnell. "She had a deep interior life of the soul," says Professor Allen, "whose phases were more real and vital than the phenomena of the passing world. . . . From his childhood to his death, the inexpressible tenderness of Phillips Brooks for his mother was one of the deepest char-

acteristics of his being, as her influence was one of the higher sources of his power."

For nine generations, also, we can trace the ancestral stream of the Brooks family. On this side of the house there is, indeed, a different atmosphere. Negatively, there is an absence of predominant devotion to intellectual and spiritual ends. Positively, there is a prevailing tendency to practical affairs. They are men of business, men of patriotism, men of unflinching integrity. When, therefore, William Gray Brooks and Mary Ann Phillips were married in North Andover in 1833, there was the union of two strains of as pure, unadulterated Puritanism as perhaps ever commingled. And so it was into an unpretentious house, but a true Christian home, on High Street, Boston, that Phillips Brooks was born on December 13, 1835. We propose, in our study, to gather his life about the three periods measuring his wonderful career: First, the Period of Self-Discovery. Second, the Period of Unfoldment. Third, the Period of Ripening.

I

No matter what is revealed later on, one of the profoundly interesting periods of a great man's life is that of self-discovery—those strange, mystic, awkward, aching years in which a boy of genius is trying to find himself. Like all healthy children at the age

of three, we find baby Brooks wanting something. His father is away from home, and his mother writes: "Phillips says, 'Tell Papa I have learned to use a fork,' and wants you to bring him a red-handled knife and fork." Red, by the way, continued to be his favorite color through life. At four, he comes home from a private school crying. He explains the cause of his tears by saying the teacher had told him to write a composition on "The Elephant." At seven, he writes a letter to his mother and signs it, "Your affectionate friend, Phillips Brooks." About this time, there is a pencil story worth recalling. One night the boys were in the back parlor, with their slates and pencils, preparing lessons for the morrow. Phillips had a new pencil, which he continued to thrust further and further into his mouth. Finally, it went down his throat. He at once asked his mother what would be the result if any one swallowed a pencil. She told him that he would probably die. Phillips said nothing more. But nothing more was ever heard of the pencil, either. At eleven, he entered the Boston Latin School. He may not have been, at the outset, the best of students. For in his twelfth year, he wrote on a scrap of paper, which is still preserved as a precious document, the following resolution: "I, Phillips Brooks, do hereby promise, and pledge myself to study, to the best of my ability." It was in

this Latin School that he received fine training in the classics. It was here, also, that he began to manifest that literary style, which is peculiarly his own, and which gives such distinctive power to his sermons and addresses.

He was in his sixteenth year when he entered Harvard College. His Harvard career shows that he had ability for genuine scholarship. Yet it also shows that he did not aspire to maintain high rank in his class. He stood fifth as a freshman, sixteenth as a sophomore, thirteenth as a junior, and sixty-sixth as a senior. He had no inclination for mathematics, exhibited some taste for natural history, succeeded in chemistry, indifferently endured the natural sciences. He was, however, a true lover of history, especially in its biographical form. But he cared nothing for dry-as-dust historic facts as presented in the class-room. He despised elocution, because he thought that it begot self-consciousness. He maintained a high grade in intellectual philosophy, rhetoric, and logic. But there was one department in which he was the acknowledged leader, and that was the languages. He toyed with French, respected German, stood very high in Latin, and uniformly excelled in Greek. Now, his biographer sums up this phase of his career by saying that Brooks could have been what is technically known as a scholar. But "what stood in his way was his

love of literature as the revelation of man, the yearning to enter into the deeper experiences of life, to know the world he lived in." And yet, I think, it is not too much to say, in the light of his after development, that the very thing which stood in his way as an all-round scholar, was also the very thing which enabled Phillips Brooks to discover the person for whom he was searching—himself. For, like many another youth, deaf and dumb to mathematics and the natural sciences, the voice of the world's supreme literature found a rich response in the depths of his being. He at once obeyed that voice, rose up and followed on to those shining heights, where he began to forever associate with the master spirits of the ages.

But just what of a distinctly religious character was going on in the boy's soul at this time, it is impossible to say. On both sides of the sea, the prevailing mood was one of religious doubt. We are told that in the nineteenth century religious faith and hope reached their lowest point. Matthew Arnold describes it as "the wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." As Brooks failed to join the Church, though the proper age was "from sixteen upwards," and though he knew that the consuming desire of his mother was to have him confirmed, it is possible that he was undergoing some inward religious struggle.

After all, I confess that this is nothing more than inference. For, in studying Phillips Brooks, we must remember that from childhood to the day of his death, he scarcely ever shared with a human being, not even the mother whom he adored, those profound secrets of his inner life, which were known only to God and to his own soul. While simplicity was the key-word of his youth and manhood, his "was a character singularly complex despite its simplicity, a career wherein there were epochs and distinct phases of development."

As we know, his first attempt to accomplish something in practical life met with conspicuous failure. I refer to his brief career as a teacher in the Boston Latin School. I have a first and a secondary reason for explaining that failure. But I mention, in passing, only the secondary, which is this: The crowd of boys over which he was placed as teacher deserved the argument of a pugilist, rather than the classical refinement of the future preacher, fresh from college. Bare recital of a few tricks that class played upon the inexperienced young teacher will, I believe, enforce my conclusion. One boy threw a handful of shot into Brooks' face. Looking around, the frustrated pedagogue saw an innocent-looking youth, holding up the very hand which had thrown the shot. But the young imp seemed to have been suddenly regenerated. For he was in the deferential

attitude of one who wanted to make earnest inquiry concerning school work. Another lad plugged up the thermometer with snow. After the mercury had fallen below the freezing point, the rascals complained of the cold until the room, already hot, was made unbearable by piling more fuel upon the fire. "Then," we are told, "the windows were thrown open and the opposite process begun, till the thermometer, reinforced with snow, called for a reversal of tactics." After prayers one morning, he looked up and saw his boys bedecked with eyeglasses, made of strips of tin, filched from a neighboring tinshop. Then he discovered that he was locked in the room with that wicked class. He was also compelled to let a boy down from the window to the ground, at the same time beseeching him to remove the obstructions from the plugged-up key-hole. Frankly, is it any wonder that Phillips Brooks failed as a teacher in the Boston Latin School?

But because this very failure as a teacher marks a crisis in his life, it must not be lightly considered. For the awful desperation, the unutterable despair, the untold agony he experienced during the six months following his resignation as a teacher—these are things which make one uncover in the presence of a soul endeavoring to understand its majesty and its mystery. He was at this time a chivalrous youth of twenty, possessed of a sensitiveness of nature but

seldom paralleled, and handicapped by a reserve which was profound indeed. With radiant face and high ideals he had walked joyously up to the Palace of Life, rung the door-bell and waited for an answer. For a brief moment, a mystic door stood slightly ajar. Then an unseen hand rudely slammed it in his face, leaving him without in the deepening gloom. But it was while standing there in the vast gloom of his aching disappointment, that he visioned that Light which lighteth every man, coming into the world, heard a Voice sweet with the melody of an infinite music, beheld a Face he was to love and be loved by forever. It was now that he sought that true confessor of souls, President Walker, of Harvard College. The details of that sacred interview were never given to the world. But we do know this: Doctor Walker advised Phillips Brooks to study for the ministry. Coming out from that interview, he was seen by a young tutor named Charles W. Eliot, who was on his way to Doctor Walker's home. Eliot says the face of Brooks was of "a deathly whiteness, the evidence of some great crisis." In 1881, our world-famous preacher called upon this same tutor, now president emeritus of Harvard University, to decline the offer of a professorship. Again his face was strangely white, and President Eliot remembered the vision of 1856.

On the eve of his departure for the seminary at

Alexandria, Virginia, Phillips Brooks wrote these words in his journal: "As we pass from some experience to some experiment, from a tried to an untried scene of life, it is as when we turn to a new page in a book we have never read before, but whose author we know and love and trust to give us on every page words of counsel and purity and strengthening virtue." Now, I cannot stay to analyze those three years in the seminary. Suffice it to say that many of his friends thought the coming great preacher was throwing his life away, and frankly told him so. Fortunately, as I have already said, Phillips Brooks was mothered by a true mother. She not only labored six sons into life—she also prayed six sons into the Kingdom of God. She, too, believed that her marvelous boy was throwing his life away. But he was throwing it away, she thought, only to find it again, multiplied an hundredfold. She wrote: "Keep close to your Saviour, dear Philly, and remember the sacred vows that are upon you, and you will surely prosper." Love-lyrics like this flowed from her mother-heart into the life of her noble son, until she ceased to walk with God here to abide at home with Him forever.

That the change from Boston life to the seminary was a marked one, may be gathered from the young theologue's letters, many of which abound in humor. On the day of his arrival at the seminary, he wrote

that his lordly apartment was a garret in an old building called the Wilderness. Its furniture consisted of a bedstead and a washstand. He says: "I looked in, threw down my carpet bag, and ran." Speaking of bedsteads, we recall that they were a bone of contention throughout his life, no matter in what part of the world he traveled. And it is only fair to say that the fault was not always with the bedstead. For Phillips Brooks, during almost two-thirds of his life, was six feet and four inches long. He says he escaped from bed once at an untimely hour because, to use his own words: "I could not stretch out straight or make the narrow bed clothes come over me." He wrote from Athens: "The classic fleas fed on us through the dewy night." We learn, also, that the seminary furniture and bill of fare were in perfect harmony. For he writes to his father: "Did you ever eat tomato pies? Well, they alternate with boiled rice, which is troubled with water on the brain, as our daily dessert." Already allied to the spirit of progress, which was manifest throughout his career, he adds: "Last night a new dish made its appearance, which looked like a flapjack that had tried to be a loaf of brown bread and failed in the attempt."

Now, it was in the seminary that Brooks exhibited a capacity for scholarship, which had been somewhat lacking in college. From the graves of Greek and

Latin, no longer dead languages to him, there flamed forth the resurrection power of new worlds of thought and experience. Entirely distinct from his class work, the scope, the variety, the strength of his reading at this time is nothing short of marvelous. Why, he reminds one of Macaulay, eating and digesting books as a ravenously hungry boy eats buckwheat cakes, whose blessed adhesion is assured by an abundant supply of delicious country butter, whose haunting flavor is far removed from the realm of probabilities by genuine soakings of pure maple syrup. And his notebooks show that he was not engaged in mere discursive reading, however wide. Rather, that the tremendous impact of the world's thought had shaken the depths of his nature, that his very soul was being shaped into a kind of sensitized plate, which would in coming years photograph with exactness, fineness, and majesty, the life of God in man's soul, and the life of man in history. It was at Alexandria, I think, that Phillips Brooks discovered himself. Through self-discovery he also discovered the master principle of his life-work, viz.: The principle which proclaims the eternal value of the human soul, revealed by the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, and redeemed by the passion of God on Calvary. Having found his principle, he moved steadily forward in his own magnificent interpretation of it. He held that the human soul, in

order to be loved, must be known. And it was for qualifying himself to interpret this truth to men, that he wandered up and down the highways of literature. "But wherever he went, from great writers to those less known, heathen and Christian, ancient and modern, he never failed to extract judgments of value, unsuspected revelations of the beauty, the dignity, the greatness, the worth, of the human soul."

And, mark you, when Phillips Brooks, at the age of twenty-one, had discovered himself, he had done it forever. Of course he expanded, he broadened, he deepened, he heightened, he ripened. But it was only more of the same kind, rather than more of a different kind, of the stuff out of which great life and character are wrought. I think his words concerning John Henry Newman give keen insight into his own life. He said: "Newman was a remarkable man, by no means of the first-class, for he never got a final principle, nor showed a truly brave mind; but there was great beauty in his character, and his intellect was very subtle." Now, his journals reveal that, fortunately for the world and for himself, Brooks got hold of final principles in his boyhood. For example: He believed in his boyhood that the Incarnation meant that God and man had met together in the person of Christ, the fullness of God and the complete perfection of humanity; and he

believed it always. Again: He believed in his boyhood that Christ's death on the cross was in some mysterious, organic way connected with the forgiveness of guilty human sin; and he changed worlds with the same conviction. In a word, Brooks discovered in his youth the unity of life in Jesus Christ. And with increasing splendor, he preached "that all life is one great harmonic chorus, appealing to the individual soul to join in the universal strain." Blessed is the man who discovers a final principle at life's threshold rather than at life's end!

II

Now, if I have dwelt overmuch on the formative years of Brooks, it is that we may approach the period of his unfoldment with a just appreciation of the backgrounds in which his life and ministry were cast. I believe no man ever came to his work with more thorough equipment. The subject of his first sermon was: "Christ as the Centralizing Power in the Spiritual Life." The text is II. Cor. xi. 3: "The simplicity that is in Christ." He afterwards said the sermon was a twofold failure—first, it was lacking in simplicity, and, second, it had nothing in it of Christ. Yet I think a study of the sermon will bear out Professor Allen's statement that it has "the evidence of a marvelous maturity." He was less than twenty-three when he wrote it, and still in his

seminary course. But he strikes with masterful and prophetic power the truth that Christ is the center toward which all roads lead—"all truth, all reality, in whatever sphere manifested, in literature, art, or science, all the positive acquisitions of man in the long range of history, all great events and movements, have their affiliation with Christ."

This, then, was the style of preaching to which forty or fifty people were listening in the Sharon Mission, three miles from Alexandria, in 1858-59. One Sunday two strange faces were seen among the Virginia mountaineers. They were men who had come to hear and then to call Phillips Brooks to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. In July, 1859, he preached his first sermons there, having agreed to supply the pulpit for three months. Many years afterwards, he playfully recalled an incident of those first weeks of ministerial experience. Walking home with a vestryman one Sunday evening, Brooks suggested that perhaps he had better not remain even for the three months. The vestryman gave him the chills by answering: "Well, as long as you have begun, you had better stay out the time for which you were hired."

However, he had been in the Church of the Advent only seven months, when he received a call from St. John's Church, Cincinnati, at that time the largest and wealthiest Episcopal Church west of the

Allegheny Mountains. At the beginning of his second year in the ministry, his fame had crossed the continent. He received urgent calls, extending from Newport to San Francisco. The little church on the corner of York Avenue and Buttonwood Street had become a veritable magnet, drawing people from all parts of the city. On Sunday evenings, the streets in the locality of the church were filled with carriages. And lest the admiration of the Quaker City should spoil the darling of her heart, once again we hear his mother's voice saying to the brilliant young preacher: "I had rather hear you praised for holiness than for talent, though of course that is unspeakably precious when used in God's service. But, my dear Philly, let no human praise make you proud, but be humble as the Master you serve, and never forget what an honor it is to be the servant of Christ." Among the greatest ordination sermons ever preached in the history of the Christian Church, are the sermons preached by the mother of Phillips Brooks to Phillips Brooks himself!

What, then, was the secret of this young physical, mental, and spiritual giant, whose ministry was now beginning to throb through the nation's life? As this question was asked for over thirty years throughout the English-speaking world, I shall answer it in the words of the truest interpreter of Phillips Brooks: "The world was right in fastening

upon his true and genuine manhood as his predominant characteristic." Back of all he said, back of all the wonderful manner in which he said it, stood his total manhood, all of his faculties unified in Christ, who "had taken him, as the sovereign harmony takes the wandering tone." He believed that a man whose mind and heart are not working in unison gives no true, abiding light. Such a man, he said, is like a match which will not strike without the box; and you haven't got the box. The world was saying then, as it has ever said, as it is saying today: "Remove first the obstacles which stand in the way of human progress, and then men will be able to live." Young Phillips Brooks laid his ax at the root of this fallacious tree. He struck it hard blows, and his weapon had a keen edge. And while the decayed chips were falling all around him, he cried: "The world, humanity, has already been redeemed by Christ. The opportunities of the divine sonship are open to every man. Live! Live greatly now." He gave us our greatest definition of preaching in three words. What is Christian preaching? He answered: *"Truth through personality."* He defined liberty as "the genuine ability of a living creature to manifest its whole nature, and to be itself most unrestrainedly." And truly, these definitions put on flesh and blood in the unfolding manhood of this pulpit prodigy. "Now," he cried, "here

is a truly new conception of life: Man is something to be lighted, and to be obedient to the flame that illuminates him." Do we wonder that the students of the University of Pennsylvania, coming out of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Sunday afternoons, imagined they beheld a rosy splendor on the face of the late afternoon sky? One of them says: "The very heavens were on fire, not because the sun was setting across the Schuylkill, but because the preacher had projected a light into the open sky of the heavens—the light of the mystic, the light of the prophet, the light which never was, on sea or land."

Here he was, then, at twenty-six, the most discussed preacher in Philadelphia. Moreover, his influence had broken the bounds of his parish and denomination, overflowing the city. He was not only the foremost preacher, but one of the Quaker City's foremost citizens as well. Is there not something strangely beautiful in beholding this brave youth, this clerical Sir Galahad, associating with men from all walks of life, old enough to be his father? And yet, there seemed nothing incongruous in such fellowship. While he held a high position and represented strong social influence, chiefly did these older men gather around him because his personality was simply invaluable. His "fascinating eloquence gave a new and potent charm to the

cause so dear to them." And what was that cause? Why, the deathless cause of human freedom! Already the black clouds of civil war were hovering over the land. Next to Abraham Lincoln, no soul felt a deeper dread than did the soul of Phillips Brooks, lest their unsheathed lightnings should blight and blast our national tree. And now it was that our White Knight's soul seemed to expand into a vast cathedral, along whose invisible aisles he heard the tramp of a million feet, he heard the rain of bitter tears, he heard the sacrificial flow of the nation's most precious blood. But from whose heavenly dome he also heard the voice of the Lord God of the nations thundering: "Let my people go! Let my people go!" And when Phillips Brooks had heard that voice, this young idealist, this velvet-souled poet, this snow-hearted Saint John became an ancient Moses coming down from a modern Sinai, with the tables of God's eternal law in his hands, with the music of God's eternal truth in his heart, with the splendor of God's eternal light in his face, and the people were afraid to come nigh him! Though he wist not, like Israel's leader, that the skin of his face shone, none the less did he flame and flash like an incarnate Vesuvius!

Now, Brooks was at this time exemplifying what had become the synthetic principle of his life-method. What was that principle? "The nature

and source of power, how it was to be fed, how ideas and truths and beliefs were to be transmuted into power." As of Jonathan Edwards, it is also true of Brooks: "There was in him something of the seer or prophet who beholds by direct vision what others know only by report." He was richly endowed with the historical imagination, which enabled him to enter into the life of the race. And this, in turn, made it possible for the racial life to flow back into his own individual being. He admired physical power wherever manifested—in worlds, in mountains, in seas, in men. It was one of his habits to stand as close as possible to the majestic rush of a giant locomotive, thundering onward with the great express train, as if it in some strange way reflected the power within him. When asked in later life what he would rather have been if he had not become a preacher, he answered: "I would like to have been the captain of a great ocean steamer, or, better than that, a young girl in her teens, awakening to the consciousness of her beauty, and without effort subjecting to her sway those who came into her presence."

But into the higher realms of power it was his ruling passion to go. He was always reading while traveling. Finishing a book, he threw it out of the car-window. "You might trace him in his journeyings," says his biographer, "by the trail of books."

He loved to meet and greet the spirit of the strong man wherever he trod the pathways of history. He claimed him for his elder brother, though he were Homer, Socrates, Dante, Shakespeare, Wesley, Edwards, Robertson, Bushnell, or Beecher. He possessed an ingrained admiration for power. Combined with his spiritual genius, this inborn admiration enabled him more fully to reincarnate the power of the Highest, which overshadowed and made him a moving tabernacle of power. Henry M. Stanley once heard Brooks preach. He confessed that it was not only the most rousing sermon he ever heard, but that it actually made him feel excited. He affirmed that, as a young man, such a sermon would have stirred him to action. This, then, was the man who stood in the Church of the Holy Trinity and spoke these words, which still burn like a subtle fire: "The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents sprung from his defiling lips were preying upon her life. It was agony to tear them off, but it was death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we had taken courage to rid us of the abomination." And then, while Lincoln's dead body lay in the City of Brotherly Love, the scorching, raging fire of the prophet's eloquence was subdued into the sobbing tones of the broken heart and the saint's vision. He then said of the martyred President what men are

saying still of the mighty preacher: "In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness." Thus, in those unfolding years, Shelley's words best describe him:

"All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spoke, became
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world."

III

Coming now to the period of his ripening, I am aware that you have already asked the question: "Why does he not say something about Phillips Brooks and Boston? For is not Phillips Brooks Boston, and is not Boston Phillips Brooks?" Now, your question is entirely valid. But it is well to remember that behind life's foregrounds lie life's backgrounds. What I mean is this: For Saint Augustine, the Milan garden lay behind the diocese of Hippo. For Chrysostom, the desert and the cave lay behind Constantinople. For Edwards, Northampton lay behind Stockbridge and its deathless books. For Robertson, Winchester, Cheltenham, Heidelberg, and Oxford lay behind Brighton. For Maurice, Bubbenhall and King's College lay behind Cambridge. For Liddon, Wantage lay behind Oxford and Saint Paul's. For Beecher, Indianapolis lay behind Brooklyn. For Bushnell, New Haven lay behind Hartford. For Simpson, Greencastle

lay behind the Episcopacy. For Matheson, Innellen lay behind Edinburgh. And so, for Phillips Brooks, Cambridge, Alexandria, and Philadelphia lay behind Boston. Of his Boston ministry, I wish to speak of Brooks the preacher and the man.

He was thirty-four years old when he went, as rector, to Trinity Church. I have not time to consider the struggle in his own soul, the anxiety of his father and the attendant sickness of his mother, because he refused the first call to come back to his boyhood home. And, finally, on his accepting the second invitation, how his own Church and the City of Philadelphia were fairly stunned, as if they had been the victims of some dire catastrophe, so deeply and intricately had he woven himself into the organic life of the community during his ten years there. It is not too much to say, however, that Boston—the "Hub," the immovable—was moved at his coming, and began to revolve around his ministry as have few cities in the history of Christian preaching. On Sunday, October 31, 1869, he preached his first sermons as rector of Trinity Church. His morning text was: "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." His afternoon text was: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." I recall the texts, because they are an index to the new power, they pitch the key

of the new music, they suggest the new and deeper spiritual splendor now enfolding him, they strike a new note of passionate urgency, which increased in volume, depth, and grandeur for the next twenty-two years.

Before he had become well settled, somebody—and I am half inclined to believe it was Almighty God—cleaned up his Boston parish by sweeping the old Church away with a broom of fire, that he might have a building in some sense adequate to his own greatness and majesty. I never enter the new Trinity Church, I scarcely ever think of it except as Phillips Brooks dressed up in the splendid clothing of that stately stone pile. And so, when this preacher-prophet, with his boundless hopefulness, with his exuberant vitality, with his mental and spiritual flame, swept like a holy, glowing radiance over Boston, what happened? Why, all churches and creeds rose up at once to claim him. Unitarians said: "He belongs to us." Baptists said: "He belongs to us." Methodists said: "He belongs to us." Presbyterians said: "He belongs to us." Congregationalists said: "He belongs to us." Protestant Episcopalians answered, with pardonable pride: "You are all mistaken, he belongs to us." All of which, I think, is but another way of saying that Phillips Brooks belonged to no one denomination. For the Lord of All anointed him and pre-

sented him as a gift to the Universal Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

Let us now examine some individual witnesses to the power of his preaching. One says: "As he is lifted by his theme into a rarefied atmosphere, and with a marvelous faith catches a glimpse of still higher summits to be reached, like a mountain climber, scaling from crag to crag, you are rapidly borne along with him, till the worries of earth look very trifling from the crest where he pauses." Another: "Out of twenty or more of his sermons which we have heard, there has not been one which would have been unsuitable for a revival meeting. Whatever the subject, the central thought is always the cross of Christ—the goodness of the Gospel to a sinful soul." After hearing him preach in Grace Church, New York, in 1870, a writer in the *New York Evening Post* said: "He preaches the humanity of Channing with the creed of Jeremy Taylor, and strikes at the shirks and shams of our day with the dashing pluck and full blood of Martin Luther." Principal Tulloch, after hearing him in Boston in 1874, wrote to his wife: "I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life (I use the word in no American sense) from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here: equal to the best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigor and force of thought which he has not always.

I never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined; such a reach of mind, and such a depth and insight of soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted." Dean Stanley once invited Brooks to preach in Westminster Abbey on a Fourth of July, which fell on a Sunday. Many felt that Brooks had been asked to perform a difficult task. Stanley himself was by no means assured of the outcome, with such a red-hot American in such a pulpit on such a day. Happily, Lady Frances Baillie, a sister-in-law of Dean Stanley, has recalled an interesting incident connected with the service. Immediately after its close, she slipped into the deanery by the private door, reaching the drawing-room before any of the guests who were to come in from the abbey. She found Dean Stanley, with tears running down his face, a most extraordinary thing for him. On her appearance, he burst out with expressions of intensest admiration, saying: "I have never been so moved by any sermon that I can remember; and, oh, the wonderful taste and feeling of that passage at the end!" When asked how Brooks compared with the great preachers of Scotland, Professor A. B. Bruce replied: "It is this way: our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full or half full of the Word of God, and then, by the force of personal mechanism, they at-

tempt to convey it to the congregation. But this man is just a great water main, attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's truth and grace and love, and streams of life, by a heavenly gravitation, pour through him to refresh every weary soul." I once said to Doctor David Gregg, himself a great preacher, and former pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn: "You knew Phillips Brooks: how did he impress you?" His face lit up as he made this answer: "I lived in the same block with him for several years. How did he impress me? Why, Brooks was big all over—big at the top, big at the bottom, big at the center—a towering physical, mental, and spiritual colossus." Then, pausing a moment, he added, with characteristic discrimination: "The first thing that happened to you after hearing Brooks finish a sermon was a kind of collapse, which was immediately followed by a majestic feeling of bigness in your own soul." Ah! I do not wonder, when our White Knight visited Japan, the children shouted, as he was borne along the highways: "Look! There goes the image of the great Buddha!" Thus was he greatly unique, splendid, incomparable. As a preacher, Brooks can, of course, be imitated by no man. But what is far better, he is a fountain from which every man may drink, because he gives matchless expression to the vast undertones and over-

tones of the human heart. For he believed and taught, with his twin brother in the spirit, Robertson, of Brighton, that—

> . . . "All the past of time reveals
> A bridal dawn of thunder peals
> Wherever thought hath wedded fact."

But great as he was as a preacher, Phillips Brooks was even greater as a man. He was not an expert in aristocratic littlenesses, but he was a prince in manly nobilities. The late Doctor Weir Mitchell, not only a specialist in nervous diseases, but a specialist also in his judgment of men, says: "I have known a number of men we call great—poets, statesmen, soldiers—but Phillips Brooks was the only one I ever knew who seemed to be entirely great. I have seen him in many of the varied relations of life, and always he left with me a sense of the competent largeness of his nature." After lecturing to the students of Andover, he closed by saying: "Let us pray." One of the students told Bishop Lawrence that, praying from the same desk at which they had heard professors pray, Brooks "offered a prayer which, as compared with theirs, was so beautiful that he had to open his eyes to see how a man looked when he prayed like that." A mother in Israel, ninety-three years of age, told me that she used to go to Boston once a year just to hear Phillips Brooks pray. She said he was even a "greater

pray-er than a preacher." A workingman once wrote him: "To me you reveal God as no other man does. What I mean by that is, I can't think of you for ten consecutive minutes without forgetting all about you and thinking of God instead; and when I think of God and wonder how he will seem to me, it always comes round to trying to conceive of you enlarged infinitely in every way." A woman who scrubbed the floors of Trinity Church asked him that her daughter might be married in the chapel. He said: "Why not take the Church?" "But that is not for the likes of me," sighed the poor soul. Then Brooks towered like a mountain of celestial glory as he answered: "Oh, yes, it *is,* for the likes of *you,* and the likes of *me,* and the likes of every one. The rich people, when they get married, like to fling their money about. But, my dear woman, that is not necessary in order to be married at Trinity Church." And the wedding took place in Trinity Church. The great organ was played, too, as if the bride's rags had had the rustle of silk or broadcloth. And I doubt not that God's angels looked on while God's true priest made them man and wife. Two poor, ignorant Roman Catholic women lived in Salem. One was bemoaning the fact that her son had fallen into evil ways. Though neither had ever seen him, the other said to the sorrowing mother: "My friend, the thing for you to do is to take your

boy to Phillips Brooks." One Sunday morning, a dying colored girl sent for him through her sister. As he was then ready to enter Trinity pulpit, he sent his assistant, who explained why the rector could not come just then. The dying girl said: "Then you go back and tell Phillips Brooks I won't die until he comes." And she didn't die, either, not until he had come and administered the Holy Communion! On a Christmas morning, Brooks watched from his window a street urchin, who was having great fun ringing door-bells, and then running away before any one could open the door. When the lad reached the rectory and rang the bell, the preacher, who had concealed himself in readiness, at once opened the door. For a moment the boy stood speechless at such an unexpected revelation of avoirdupois and kindly, beaming countenance. Finding his tongue at last, he said: *"Why, is that you, Phipps Brooks?"* He treasured this as one of the finest tributes he ever received. He was touched to tears to think that a homeless, ragged, little child should take his name upon his innocent lips as if it were a household word, as if it were as natural as to greet the morning sun and say: "You are God's dear gift to the world."

And now I must bring to a close this imperfect interpretation. So many things have been inadequately said. So many things, also, remain unsaid. Brooks' life was not an unbroken flow of joy. No

truly great life is, or can be. He was ofttimes a lonely man. He never married. But he adored one woman—his mother! Sometimes he was misunderstood. Once he was publicly hissed in an Episcopal Convention. But he always carried the heart of a child, the purity of a saint, and the greatness of a great Christian. I never saw him in the flesh. But I have often seen him in the spirit. Many years ago, while sitting as a boy under a Kentucky apple tree in midsummer, I saw the picture of his noble face for the first time. To me, he began that day to make manhood majestic. Ah! his manhood was so magnificent that it dwindled skyscrapers into atoms and compressed worlds into the dimensions of marbles! He blinded the devil of envy by the splendor of his smile. He made love captivating. He made virtue beautiful and bewitching. He made faith natural. He made goodness contagious. He made religion vital. He made spirit, soul, and body unite in his own imperial nature, until he became a walking melody inspiring the lives of men. He made the Fatherhood of God more winsome than the bosoms of all the mothers who have labored all the children of men into life. He made the Saviourhood of Christ Jesus mean more to the soul than the sun means to the day. He made the reality of the Holy Spirit, the ever-present Comforter, Strengthener, and Illuminator, to be more sweet and

lovely than any lovely song. I know you will forgive me for saying that I shall always be glad that I first met Phillips Brooks under an apple tree. And some day, please God, I expect to meet him again under the Tree of Life. If I do, it will not be far from the throne of white and the river of crystal. Then will I thank him for showing me, in the years of earth and time, to better love and serve the Lord and Master of us all. Just six months before he died, out there on the ship plowing the great deep, he wrote his dear song called, "The Waiting City." One time I remember well the song refreshed my soul with its delicious sweetness. I was walking at the dark end of the day. I was also out in the vast open spaces of being. My feet were on the meadow and my dreams had stolen in behind the stars. I was saying over and over again those golden words of George Borrow: "The wind is on the heather, brother: life is sweet." I looked up, and the evening star threw its silver kisses right down into my face. I looked back, and the full-orbed moon shot its old lustrous glory right across my path. I looked up, and out, and around, and yonder, underneath the evening star and the full moon, lay a many-colored sea, whose amber, violet, hyacinthine waves washed all the shores of night. I thought the musical color-sea was chanting a requiem for the dead sunset. It was then and there that Brooks'

song stole into my heart like a rhythm of unearthly peace. Then I repeated it aloud. But as its melody went drifting down the winds of sunset, it did not fail to leave a holy hush in my soul. Written on the bosom of the tumbling deep, "The Waiting City" has none of the ocean's storm. But it has much of Heaven's deep, sweet, inner calm:

"A city throned upon the height behold,
Wherein no foot of man as yet has trod;
The City of Man's Life fulfilled in God.
Bathed all in light, with open gates of gold,
Perfect the City is in tower and street;
And there a Palace for each mortal waits,
Complete and perfect, at whose outer gates
An Angel stands its occupant to greet.
Still shine, O patient City on the height,
The while our race in hut and hovel dwells.
It hears the music of thy heavenly bells
And its dull soul is haunted by thy light.
Lo, once the Son of Man hath heard thy call
And the dear Christ hath claimed thee for us all."

Within half a year after writing the song, Phillips Brooks entered "The Waiting City." I shall always be glad that he left the dear earth for the dearer Heaven just at dawn. As morning came, he went. Not many hours before his death the servants found him, his mind wandering, climbing the stairs leading from his own room to the topmost story of the rectory. Asked where he was going, he replied: "I am going home!" O, beautiful, glorious, fulfilled

prophecy! For with the breaking of that very dawn he went home, and—

"Never to the mansions where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest."

Yes; thanks be unto God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—that ineffable Trinity whose unspeakable glories he preached so matchlessly—thanks be unto the Great Three in One:

"He died when dawn was sweeping o'er the land,
When morning glories lit the gleaming wall;
And one who watched him, holding his worn hand,
Whispered: 'Alas! that he should miss it all!'

The early sun, risen from his dark night,
Flamed his great banners when he went away;
And one said: 'Lo! at coming of the light
He hath gone forth and lost the beauteous day!'

But our White Knight, from mortal house of pain
Gladly released, went singing to God's place,
And cried, 'Dear Lord, after the bleak world-rain,
I cannot bear the splendor of Thy Face!' "

THE END

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